THEODORE CHURTON

Agnes Thornycroft.

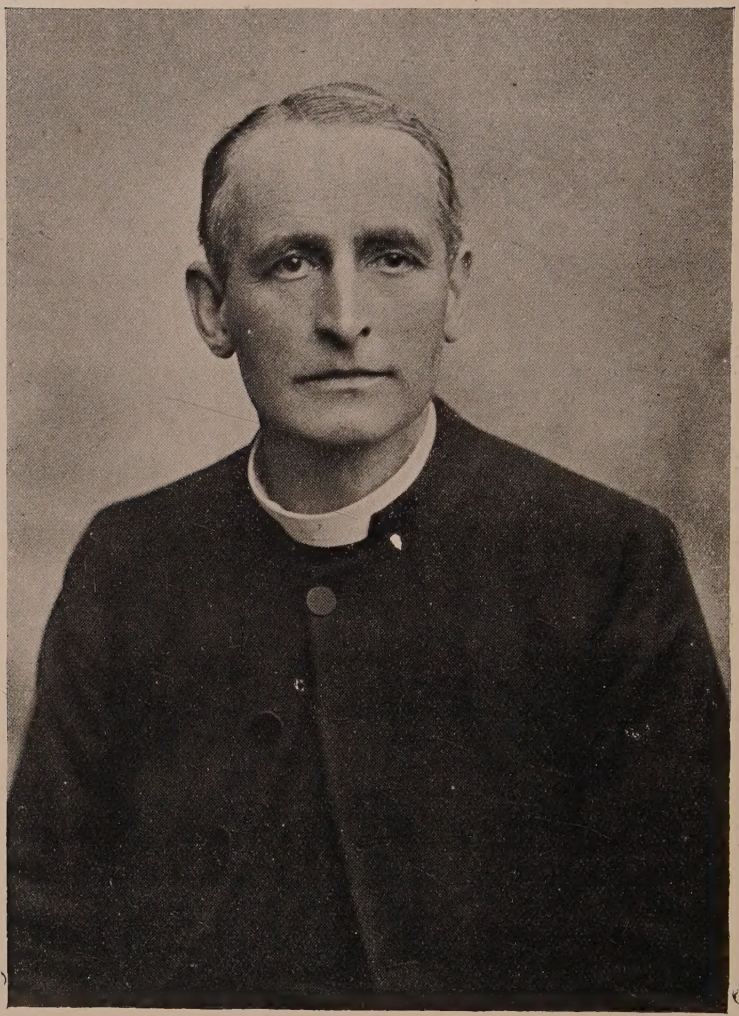
In loving remembrance

From Ethel M. Churton

March 1919

THEODORE CHURTON

A BRIEF MEMOIR



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Theodore T. Churton.

Frontispiece.

THEODORE CHURTON

A BRIEF MEMOIR

BY SOME OF HIS FRIENDS

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FOREWORD

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AMONG the various men and women whom we meet in the thoroughfare of life, there are a few who have distinction. Archdeacon Churton—Theodore, as he must always be to me—had such distinction. In a crowded room, or at a railway-station, or in some London street, no one could fail to observe him. This attraction was due at first to the beautiful face whence his soul looked out; but for those who knew him, however slightly, the qualities of his character exercised that fascination which the saints of God alone can have.

Let others speak of the work which he so conscientiously performed as a Parish Priest at Icklesham and Bexhill, or of his care of the Archdeaconry, or of his loving thoroughness in the examination of candidates in their examination for Ordination. I will write of some personal characteristics known to a friend.

Those who ever heard him play will treasure in their memories the hours when he would render a fugue of Bach, a sonata of Beethoven, a largo of Handel, without stint, without hesitation—masterpieces stored up in his mind (for music once heard he made his own)—ending, perhaps, with what he called the "ever-satisfying" Corelli. Few, however, perhaps knew that he had never had any formal teaching in his life. But master though he was of the piano, he loved the organ best. At Icklesham he would sometimes

take the whole service himself, moving from reading-desk to organ, from organ to pulpit. And on his travels he would borrow the key of some organ-loft, and employ his companion as organ-blower. One occasion do I specially remember, when at Ettal, in Bavaria, by the magic of his playing on the fine organ he drew a congregation into the chancel.

Less well known was his skill in drawing, and a sketch made by him rapidly of Widdin, on the Danube —one of many such sketches—might have secured a reputation for him as an artist. Gothic architecture especially attracted him (the success of the enlargement of his church at Bexhill was largely due to his judgment and taste), and he had the memory of an expert for the details of Cathedrals "kneeling in their robes of stone."

And he was an artist also in words. I possess a translation into mediæval Latin verse of the twenty-third Psalm, which he made when he was watching at night by the bedside of a dying parishioner; and at Christmas he would send to his friends some simple carol written by himself, or some more serious poem, such as this :—

"*This shall be a sign unto you : Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes.*"

"O true love-token! Lo! the swathing bands
Fast bind those sacred feet and tender hands—
Soon to be bound by shameful nails upon the Cross of pain—
Self-limited our God, that limitless may be our gain.

"The boundless ocean flows into a bay,
Safe waters, where a child may bathe and play :
So, fathomless though be the well
Of Godhead, He doth deign to dwell
In human limits for our sake :
In those safe waters we may slake
Our thirst, and bathe each aching wound and stain
In Him, till we are clean and whole again."

All these traits made him the most delightful companion. He had—like his father before him—no skill in athletics or in outdoor games of any kind. Travel was his dearest recreation. In recent years he went as far as Palestine; but the enterprise which he loved best to recall was a journey down the Danube, and by the Black Sea to Constantinople, and via Chanak (now so famous), with a détour to Troy, across the Ægean to Mount Athos, the "Holy Mountain," and by Greece to Bari and the shrine of St. Nicholas. How well do I remember how one of the monks, Daniel of Smyrna, addressed Theodore Churton on his entering the room as "Priest of the Most High God!"

Interested in everything, never ruffled in temper, mindful in any society of the little courtesies of life, full of gentle humour and of discriminating sympathy, he won friends wherever he went, abroad or in England.

Let others, I have said, describe his parochial work. But I should not like to leave unnoticed his sermons. They shewed a quiet earnestness, a delicacy of expression, a knowledge of the Bible, which to those who think were more influential than mere eloquence could be. The short addresses, of some four or five minutes in length, which he delivered after evensong on weekdays at Bexhill, were often gems of compressed thoughtfulness.

When I think of Theodore Churton, I never regard him as a member of some "party" in the Church. He was above party. Controversy was abhorrent to him. It could hardly, indeed, survive long in his presence, which gave an atmosphere, as it were, of spiritual peace. It was in his own household that this inner life was most apparent. The guest who had stayed in his house went again into the world feeling that he had been in a place "aye bright with spiritual sun-

shine"—a sheltered nook into which no base thought could enter. Who that was present can forget his morning family prayers, with the hymn which he accompanied on the piano, one daughter aiding with the violin, the other with the violoncello?

Like that of Chaucer's priest, the life of Theodore Churton may be summed up in the words:—

> "But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
> He taughte, and first he folwed it himselve."

E. L. VAUGHAN.

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THEODORE CHURTON

A BRIEF MEMOIR

EARLY YEARS

By E. L. V. and A. C.

Theodore Townson Churton was born on April 24, 1853. For the ten years which had elapsed since their marriage his parents had been childless, and his birth was, therefore, an occasion of special rejoicing. His mother was in London at the time, and at his first home-coming to the Sussex parish, of which his father was Vicar, the village children came out in troops to welcome him and to strew the carriage with spring flowers.

He came of a family that has numbered among its members several distinguished scholars and Churchmen. His father, H. B. Whitaker Churton, was Vicar of Icklesham, Sussex, and it was at the Vicarage, Icklesham, that his early years were spent. To understand his character and its development, some description of the atmosphere in which those most impressionable years were passed should be given. His father, although content to spend his life as the Parish Priest of a country village, was a man of great intellectual ability and spiritual power. When he was appointed to Icklesham in 1844, the village was notorious for smuggling, immorality, and lawlessness. At the time of his death, nearly fifty years later, the village, "with its church restored with reverent care,

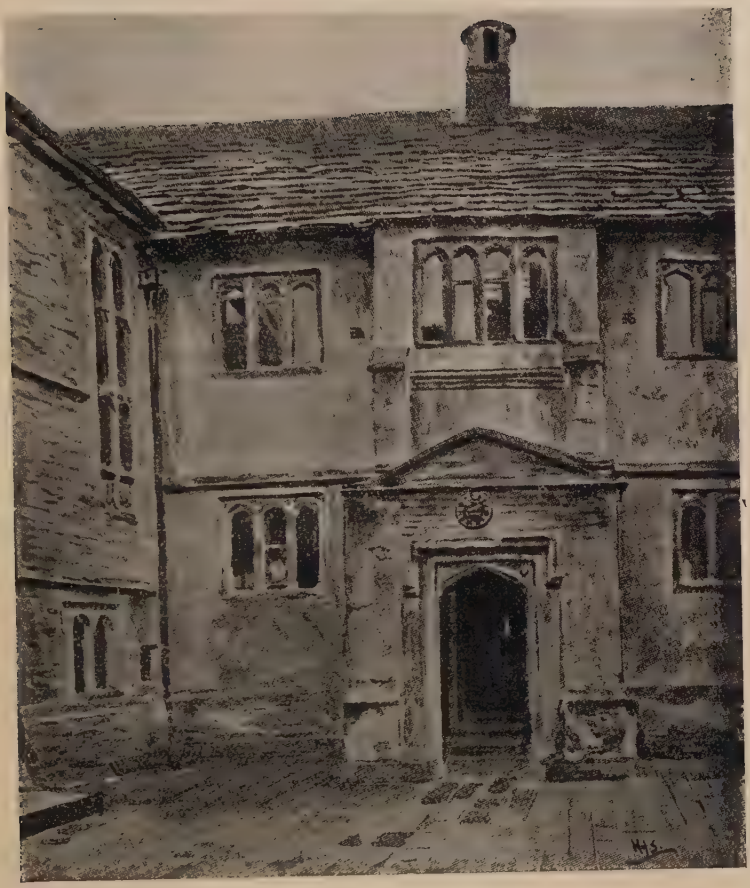
its daily matins and evensong, his modest parsonage, his devout family," were compared by the Bishop to the pictures of George Herbert and his parish of Bemerton, drawn by Izaak Walton. It was said of Whitaker Churton that to come into his presence was "to realise the beauty of holiness, as in the presence of a spirit that seemed quite untainted by contact with this soiled world." The influence of such a character could not fail to be strongly felt by those about him, and, above all, by his only son.* Their natures had much in common; and the almost monastic life of constant religious devotion at the Vicarage, which might well have been thought too highly pitched for many temperaments, seemed to be the environment most favourable for the spiritually-minded child. The joyous and brave spirit which never failed him was his inheritance from his mother, whose courage and cheerful hopefulness lightened the heavy burden of depression to which her husband was sometimes subject, and carried her to the end through her own terrible trial of painful and hopeless illness.

It was in such an atmosphere and among such influences that the first twelve years of Theodore Churton's life were spent, and from which his character took its deepest and most permanent impressions. He was devotedly attatched to his home; and after he had left it for the first time for school the words "dulce domum" were found cut by his hand on a tree-trunk in the garden.

The following extract from a letter written about this time shows the impression made upon a visitor by the life at the Vicarage:

"This Vicarage is a very small house, made big enough to contain a family by wonderful compression,

* See letter written at the time of his father's death, p. 60.



THE COURTYARD OF KING EDWARD VI. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD.

To face page 2.

which has squeezed staircases and passages into nothing, and a transformation of good-sized cupboards and angular holes into bedrooms and boudoirs. Mrs. C. has really a very nice one, made bright by a large stand of flowers and glowing Italian pictures, but literally crammed into impossibility of motion when friends and guests are pressed together in it.

"And now for the order of the day, which is very much that of a mitigated monastery, a Protestant house of devotion. First, at eight o'clock, a lesson in Hebrew is given to the two elder children. At 8.15 in come the servants; hymn-books are distributed, and a good long hymn is sung. Then come prayers, good, but short, which being ended and everything finished, as it appears, another hymn is sung. Then breakfast; but before we sat down another hymn-grace was sung, sweetly enough, for the children all have the gift of song, and the place is a nest of nightingales. With a musical grace breakfast concluded. Then, after an interval of half an hour, we were all fitted into Mrs. Churton's small oratory-boudoir, and we read, after a preluding hymn, a chapter of the New Testament, each taking a verse. Then came an examination of the children, a concluding hymn, and that was done. At twelve I was invited to join with them in intercessory prayer for some twenty minutes; then the rest of the family were summoned, a Psalm was chanted, and a hymn sung. Then came an early dinner, preceded and followed by a hymn. Before the day closes there will be two or more services in addition, so that the day is one long service in which all, I must say, seem to join joyfully and with willing hearts, from which I would not exclude myself."

In 1865, at the age of twelve, Theodore Churton went to the school at Guildford, of which the headmaster was that fine classical scholar, Dr. Merriman. The historical background of a place of education often influences a boy, if he has imagination, at least as much as the actual teaching. The "Schola Regia Grammaticalis Edwardi sexti" dates from 1553, though

perhaps it may be said to have been founded in 1509 by the provisions of the will of Robert Beckingham. The dignified front on the High Street, the courtyard with its stone-mullioned windows and grey roof, the library with its chained books, all helped to mould the thoughts and taste of Theodore Churton, and to carry on the influences of Icklesham.

He left Guildford in 1869, and in 1871 went up to New College, Oxford. There he resided till December, 1875, when he entered for the Honour School of Literæ Humaniores, and was placed in the Fourth Class. This class did not really represent his abilities and his delicate classical scholarship. He was, as he often confessed, at the mercy of interruptions during the whole of his Oxford course; and the love of music, which, in the words of Dante, "quenched all his desires," was a potent distraction. He often played the organ at churches; and, moreover, he took for some time a Sunday-school class, and taught rough lads on week-day evenings. But no one could be long in his society without realising that he was a scholar. The Classics, especially the Greek Classics, and among them, above all others, Sophocles and Plato, were a lifelong interest and solace to him, and he found in the composition of Greek and Latin verse a frequent holiday recreation to the last. In the midst of worries he had that power of abstraction which is given to those who have held converse with the great spirits of old.

After he had taken his degree in 1876, he went to the school of Mr. Tottenham, at St. Leonards, as an assistant master. He was thus living within easy reach of the Vicarage at Icklesham, so that he was often able to be there; and the other masters and the boys, by their visits to his home, came under the influence of that unique atmosphere which had had such power in moulding his own character.

INTERIOR OF LIBRARY OF KING EDWARD VI. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GUILDFORD.

On the last day of the year 1878 he suffered one of the great griefs of his life in the death of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. Henceforth, as the eldest of the family, he tried as far as he could to fill the blank left in the home life by her death.

It was during this period of school work at St. Leonards that he made the momentous decision, not without much thought and mental struggle, to take Holy Orders in the Church to whose special service so many of the family to which he belonged had devoted their lives. His decision was carried out on St. Thomas' Day, 1882, when he was ordained deacon in Chichester Cathedral, beginning duty as curate to Canon Crosse at Holy Trinity, Hastings, where his work at first consisted of helping with the Sunday duty while he continued his school work throughout the week. To all those who in the course of his future life knew him as a priest, it must ever be a matter of thankfulness that, through all doubts and difficulties, he finally saw his way clearly, and was enabled to dedicate his life to that highest service.

In 1883 he left Mr. Tottenham's school, feeling that his proper place was with his father, under whom he worked as curate at Icklesham for eight years.

During the latter part of this period, his father being in weak health, he was practically in sole charge of the parish, and on Prebendary Churton's death, in 1891, he was appointed Vicar. When this news reached the village, the bell-ringers showed their joy, after the weeks of uncertainty as to who would be appointed, by ringing the bells all through the summer night.

For nine years he continued Vicar of Icklesham, and two years after his appointment his marriage with Ethel, second daughter of the Rev. Percy Andrews, began a period of twenty-two years of happy wedded life. The first seven years of this time were spent at

Photo by Thomas, Hastings.

THEODORE CHURTON, ÆT. 9.

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Icklesham. Then came the Bishop's call to a wider sphere of work. It was no light matter to him to break the ties of a lifetime; but in obedience to the call he left his old home and the grey church on the windswept uplands, with all its lifelong associations of the past, for the toilsome life of a town parish

THEODORE CHURTON AS PARISH PRIEST

By G. E. FREWER

(Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral, formerly Rector of Brede and Rural Dean of Rye)

Before his death in 1878, Bishop G. A. Selwyn was asked how he would wish his own life to be written, if it ever were written. He replied:

"Tell first all my faults, and then tell whatever the Grace of God has enabled me to do in spite of them."

This is just the kind of request that Theodore Churton would have made, if he had known that any memoir, however brief, of his life was projected. But I fancy that he would have substituted "to be" for "to do." For, indeed, amongst the great company of "the holy and humble men of heart" whose example has in the last century adorned and inspired the Church in the Diocese of Chichester, it is difficult to mention one who more singularly or successfully subordinated action to character. More than once in the pages that follow it will be necessary to speak of Churton's humility. It was the predominating grace of his personality which lingers in the happy memories of his friendship. Archbishop Leighton described humility as "that lily-of-the-valley which blooms only in the Christian heart." But, as more than one master of the spiritual life has taught us, it has a practical as well as a spiritual value. True humility can always

be brought into the street; it can thrive there without peril of defilement; it can shine there as brightly as in the cloister; it is as compatible with unyielding determination in matters of right and wrong in the affairs of the world as in the business of personal salvation.

Churton's life and work, his character and actions, must, in this brief sketch, be considered together. We have all known men who were great but not good, and men who were good but not great. As far as greatness is concerned—I mean, of course, "greatness" in the world's estimation—to apply the word to Churton would be a mistake. But a man's "goodness"—which is the thing that matters—is judged by other tests and standards. And what he did, and how he did it, was just the natural expression of his beautiful character; his work reflected his life.

I will make no apology, therefore, for quoting here at full length—even though some sentences may seem to anticipate thoughts and details which might have been introduced more fittingly later on—the following appreciation from the facile and delicate pen of one of his early friends and pupils:

"Probably all who knew Theodore Churton would agree that the dominant note of his parochial work—as, indeed, of all his work—was the note of *intensity*. He spared himself neither in labour nor in sacrifice if he might accomplish his vocation. That was characteristic of him from the first months of his life as a Priest. As a layman his work in school had been marked by a singular freshness and vigour, to which the most laggard and dull boys found themselves responding. They could not resist, even passively, the effort of a master who brought to his work in Form so much that was evidence of his intense desire to make them realise and grasp what they began by thinking unintelligible, to give interest to what they began by considering dull and dead. A master whose skill enlivened their progress through an 'Æneid' with the exhibition of

delightful sketches, whose humour flashed continually across the gulf which age and function tend to hew between master and boy, and bridged it with mirth; a master who made the dead past live by his intimate knowledge of antiquity, showing men and women of Rome and Greece really in habit as they lived; a master who made each boy feel that his work was really of importance and concern to his teacher, was not one who could fail to inspire them.

"And when he passed from school work to parish work he carried into it a like intensity, deepened by the thought of the greater issues involved. Those who were his private pupils in the early days when he was Curate of Holy Trinity, Hastings, and of Icklesham, saw him at work on precisely the same methods and with precisely the same kind of enthusiasm. In the later years of his work in the school at St. Leonards he had some part in the preparation of candidates for Confirmation. It was characteristic of him that he went to the pains of having printed for the boys a little leaflet of prayers and aspirations at Communion in Latin and English. That he should have troubled to do this was evidence to some, at least, of the candidates that their preparation was no mere formality. When he came in later life to deal with candidates for Ordination, his thoughtful care showed itself in similar ways; he gave them, on one occasion, for example, the beautiful poem which finds place in this volume, 'How can I thank thee, O my God, aright?' which to some of us has been a possession prized through life.

"No part of his ministry but was marked and made effective by this intensity. As in teaching, in school and with his private pupils, and with his Confirmation candidates, he had striven with evident eagerness to make his lessons not only interesting and intelligible, but instinct with life and meaning, so in his parochial visiting. He listened as intensely as he spoke. He strove to understand what slow minds and simple lips tried to tell him of needs and trials. It was not merely that he held, with George Herbert, that 'it did a poor body good to be heard patiently,' he strove to enter so fully into their minds that he could find the one word that might most help them, the one

message which his Master for whom he spoke would have him give. His very silences were eloquent of that; he was searching, one knew, for the one word precisely right.

"So with his preaching. In those early days, at least, his sermons were almost always written. At Holy Trinity, where his Vicar, Canon Crosse, was a preacher of singular freshness and power, he had a cultured congregation which included hard-working professional men and thoughtful women. To them it was necessary to offer of his best, and he gave it; the discharge of that office in that place was quite congenial. But when he passed to the instruction of the simpler folk at Icklesham, among whom he had been brought up, whom he knew so intimately and loved so sincerely, there was not the least slackening of effort. His days were full of occupation; he had pupils working for different examinations and in different stages, each demanding individual care. From morning to night each hour had its allotted occupation. But he never dreamed of lessening the care with which his sermons were prepared. Far into the night his lamp burned, while he laboured to reduce to simplicity of thought and expression those saving truths of the Gospel which he desired to be spirit and life to his hearers as they were to himself. If it be true, as a wise man said, that 'a sermon is worth what it costs,' those sermons in a little village church to simple Sussex villagers were indeed of great price.

"No less was intensity the very note of his service of the Sanctuary. 'Recollectedness' was the spirit of all his ministration, apparent to all even in the manner of his entrance into church. At the altar his devotion has often recalled to the writer Dr. H. S. Holland's description of Dr. Pusey's devotion to the high mystery of the Eucharist:

"'He himself is felt to be living, year by year and day by day, in unfailing and familiar intercourse with its grace. . . . Yet ever his awe and wonder grow. . . . That Altar, near and dear as it is, is ringed round to him with unflagging terrors; his knees bow, his soul quivers, with the same wonderful awe as that with which a young child kneels, for the first time, in

the hush of some still sanctuary, and hears the murmuring words of the Priest who bends over him to lay, in the child-hands uplifted, the adorable gift over which the bowing angels stoop and gaze and adore.'

"The most dull, the least thoughtful, must have been led by Theodore Churton's manner of celebrating to the thought that here were, indeed, Holy Mysteries, here some infinite condescension of God to man.

"Even in those early days those about him were often anxious for him, though as yet he was young and vigorous, so intensely did he spend himself for his people. And he was often physically weary, even to the point of exhaustion, after the long day's work, involving, perhaps, miles of walking, or a bitterly cold drive of several miles over the marsh to the little Church of the Holy Spirit at Rye Harbour, then held with Icklesham. Such labours, indeed, may well have worn him out before his time. He would not have had it otherwise, or in any degree spared himself. We who then wished that he might have some other field of work, where his great gifts might be reckoned at their true worth, knew, nevertheless, that it mattered little to him whether he worked among those who were his intellectual equals or among simple country people. All souls were alike to him, and alike precious. One of his early pupils said to him one evening something in disparagement of country people. Theodore Churton said nothing, but he took down F. W. Faber's poems and read, with many a pause and with deep feeling, the poem on 'The Old Labourer.' That lesson was one of the many which he taught which have never been forgotten.

"I do not remember that upon his crowded shelves there were any of those aids to the discharge of the ministry upon which lesser men—without blame—rely; the manuals of pastoral theology, the volumes of counsel about methods of preaching, and the like. All his work was the expression of himself, the discharge in his own way of God's vocation of him. He would not, I think, have censured those who rely upon such aids, so long as they did not rely upon

them to the exclusion of personal effort and thought. Only for himself they seemed superfluous, as a concordance seemed a superfluous thing to John Keble. He lived and worked in the power of the free Spirit. So he came to realise in himself the ideal which Chaucer gave of the 'Poor Parson of a Town,' an ideal which he was accustomed to set before those who were themselves to be ordained.

"He would never have dreamed, of course, that to some who knew him he stood for all that is worthiest and best in priesthood. Rather he would have been humiliated and shamed that they should so think of him. But there are not a few who through life will associate with all worthy thoughts of Priesthood—whether they find them in the more formal works, or in Chaucer, or Matthew Arnold's 'Rugby Chapel,' or George Herbert's 'Country Parson'—the humble, devout, eager, affectionate spirit of Theodore Churton."

Humility—intensity.—And was there not yet another great outstanding feature which added attractiveness to his character? I refer to his *joyousness.*

Certain words which have been recently written of another departed dignitary of the Church apply so aptly to Churton that I do not hesitate to quote them:

"He was endued with 'singular gifts of the Holy Ghost.' He was by nature a real artist. With poetry and music he had naturally close affinities, which were deepened by cultivation. He responded to poetic things wherever they met him—in literature and in Nature, but, above all, in human life—and realised their relation to the Source Eternal of all Beauty."

And the result was joyousness; his optimism was so invincible, so ingrained, as to be infectious. Loving Nature with the intuition of an artist and a poet, he caught the spirit of her changing colour, her compensating grace, her restoring influence, with something of that facility with which a happy child responds to any environment which is stamped with the hall-

mark of sympathy. And so there was much more harmony and order in his life than is to be found in the majority of other lives. His scholarly piety, his firmness of purpose and devotion to duty, his ever ready compassionateness, all seemed to flow from a singular unity of being which is often lacking in less attractive men. His character was toned, seasoned, and saturated with the gift, in exactly the right proportion, of the saving grace of humour. Who can ever forget his merry laugh? He was always ready to enjoy a joke and repeat one. He would gleefully chuckle at the expression (by other men) of daring opinions and sentiments on matters ecclesiastical, and quote them again and again, without entirely committing himself to agreement.

But I am anticipating. To the best of my remembrance I first became acquainted with Theodore Churton on October 13, 1886. He was at that time Assistant Curate of Icklesham with Rye Harbour. The occasion was one of those so dear and attractive to rural communities—an evening service of thanksgiving for harvest blessings. Probably, as being a clerical newcomer to the neighbourhood, I had been invited to preach the sermon. It was a night of pitchy darkness, but the little Church of St. Nicolas was crowded to suffocation, gay with flowers, and redolent with the combined scent of hot humanity and various "fruits of the earth." It had been arranged that there should be a procession of choir and clergy from the Vicarage through the small jungle of trees and shrubs which in those days separated, or rather connected, that modest home and the Parish Church. Anticipating the danger of the preacher being *lost en route*, Theodore insisted on my not only keeping my eye on but attaching myself to the back of his surplice, as the procession started on its perilous career. I supposed

ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, ICKLESHAM.

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that I was at "the end of things"; and I can never forget the weird terror which overwhelmed me when, as we neared the Church porch, at the very darkest stage of the dark journey, I heard the murmur of a faint human voice behind me—close behind me! For a moment or two—perhaps for reasons too obviously practical—I dared not look round. The murmur was repeated. But the light from the porch came to the rescue, and, for the first and only time in my life, I saw the frail and emaciated form of the dear old Vicar of Icklesham, Prebendary H. B. W. Churton, who through the Cimmerian gloom of the October night, all unknown to myself, had been following us from the Vicarage. In answer to my respectful inquiry as to whether he had been addressing himself to me, he said: "No, I was only saying: 'God grant that we may all worship Him this night in spirit and in truth!'"

Prebendary H. B. W. Churton was a very remarkable man. He was accounted by Dr. Pusey the best Hebraist of his day. He had been a Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, and was the greatest friend of the celebrated "James Vaughan, of Brighton." His exemplary life, his notable scholarship, and his high pastoral ideals, had commended him to successive Bishops of Chichester as Examining Chaplain, which office he held for many years. He held also a stall in Chichester Cathedral—that of Colworth, in the tenure of which Theodore was afterwards to be one of his successors—for close upon fifty years, and the Vicarage of Icklesham from 1844 until his death in 1891. My acquaintance with Churton, which began on that memorable October night of 1886, soon developed into a friendship of considerable intimacy. Friendship between men is said to be based on the existence of a common love of the same things, and in those days of

his Icklesham work we had many "common loves," which it is unnecessary to specify.

He had already been his aged and beloved father's "assistant" for three years, and a valuable assistant indeed. With characteristic zeal and devotion he had flung himself into pastoral work, making the care of the boys of the flock his special interest. His own apartments at the Vicarage were on the top storey, and Theodore's garret study was, for holy teaching, a faint reflection of a certain "upper room" at Jerusalem. There the village lads were welcomed, to be admonished, encouraged, instructed, amused, each according to his need. To-day large numbers of them, arrived at man's estate, but not forgetful of the old lessons of duty and sacrifice, are serving King and country on the battle-fronts and elsewhere.

Here is a letter (dated July 25, 1917) from one of these whom I invited to jot down his memories of his old pastor and friend:

"It was in the years 1884-1892 that I was in personal contact with Mr. Churton. He was to us boys our hero, our oracle. He was 'Mus' Theedor' to us. He played in the village (men's) cricket team, and when he went in to bat we were keenly alert watching him. He was choirmaster and organist, although the schoolmaster played on ordinary occasions. If we had an anthem, he would leave his place at the desk and go round to the organ. He was popular with almost everybody. His friendly relations with the chapel people sometimes caused some criticism amongst his own flock. At his wedding the youths took the place of horses. How when his father died we petitioned the patron to give him the living, you know. I have, as you know, a keen sense of humour. When a choir boy, I was sent out of Church from my place at a children's service for smiling by a missioner who was taking the service. The other boys tried to terrify me, saying I would be dismissed altogether. But I

do not remember even getting a 'lecture' from Mr. C. He was ever mindful of the children as to 'treats' and their education, spiritually and the three R's. When I and others were about to be confirmed, he called each boy to talk with him alone in his study, not as an adviser or teacher, but as a friend. We had a small 'string orchestra' with our choir at festivals, generally the choirmen themselves with others. When Mr. C. wanted the choirmen to wear surplices, etc., nearly all of them left sooner than do so, which grieved him much. As you know, I kept up correspondence and occasional visits to him years after I left his parish, and I believe others did so, too. I was always welcome. In September our village population would be increased by 'hoppers.' He tried to do something for them. I went with him one Sunday afternoon with others, carrying an harmonium, and we had an informal service in the Hoppers' Camp. He was tolerant of others, yet keen on Church teaching, persuading even middle-aged persons to be confirmed, and one or two, I believe, to be baptized.

"But I must stop, or Mr. Censor will grouse.

"Yours sincerely,"

"——."

Another former Icklesham choir boy, of the labouring class, now a married man "on active service," gives similar testimony:

"I am sure there must be many other Icklesham lads besides myself who found that the thing that helped them more than anything else when their turn came to go up to the front trenches was the thought of the old attic study of the Vicarage and the talks we boys had there with 'Mr. Theodore.'"

In the earlier years of his clerical life Theodore Churton would not have been counted representative of that more "advanced" Churchmanship with which the friends of his later years—those, for example, spent at Bexhill—would associate him. While he was Curate at Ickesham he kept the old customs, cele-

brating at the north end of the altar, and doing other things which he himself would have wished altered, in delicate loyalty to his father. But he had always had a real appreciation of the ceremonial in use at such churches as Christ Church, St. Leonards, though for the mere ceremonialist he had distrust: better by far the faith without the symbol than the symbol without the faith. Himself holding from the first a profound belief in the Real Presence, he was, nevertheless, slow to adopt that ceremonial with which the Church has enshrined the Holy Mysteries. Yet it was rather from consideration for the prejudices of others, mistaken though he thought them, than from any reluctance of his own.

Prebendary Churton died on Low Sunday, April 5, 1891. Eight years later Theodore, writing to a friend who had suffered a similar loss, alluded thus to the death of his beloved father:

"It was like having the very life torn out of one to see him die. And yet it was for him—as I think we seemed to *see* rather than merely to *feel*—a passing from death to life."

The Lord Chancellor, as patron, offered the living of Icklesham to the Rev. C. L. Vaughan, who had been Rector of Christ Church, St. Leonards, for seventeen years, but after visiting the parish and considering details he decided to decline the offer. Shortly afterwards the patron acceded to a request or petition signed by nearly every inhabitant of the parish, and, to the great joy of all concerned, invited Theodore to succeed his father as Vicar.

Churton was instituted as Vicar of Icklesham on the Festival of St. James, July 25, 1891. A few days later he wrote to one of his most intimate friends:

"I expect to be inducted next week. . . . My institution day began very happily with a celebration of the

Holy Communion here (Icklesham) before I started for Chichester. I had hardly expected, however, to see so many of our poor people present, and I was much touched to see their desire to mark the day by helping me thus with their prayers.

"Thank you for your words about realising the ideal. And I suppose we need also to idealise the real, to see and feel the beauty and the importance of everyday and common sights and words and things (as Nathaniel Hawthorne does so wonderfully), taking a living interest in small details, because we see how they may fit into that ideal of life which God sees if we don't, making our little bit as perfect as we can, not merely from a workmanlike desire to put good work into it, but also from the inspiring thought that all little bits are being worked up by an Unseen Hand into the great Ideal which God has never lost sight of from the first, all through the perplexing entanglements of the world's and of our own history. We want—or rather, I should say, *I* want, for I fancy this is *the* want of a country parson's rather isolated life—'to see the infinite in things,' to see how the most trivial-seeming events are specimens of laws and tendencies and facts of far-reaching importance.

"Yours ever very affectionately,

"T. T. C."

I believe that the quiet, uneventful, and yet well-filled, busy years of his ministry at Icklesham as Vicar, 1891-1900, were the happiest of Churton's life. The work there—unlike that which succeeded it at Bexhill—was compact, compassable, and eminently congenial. Icklesham was, if not his birthplace, his home, around which all the sacred recollections of his childhood gathered. "Home" to Sussex folk always implies locality rather than environment. It was in Icklesham that the earlier portion of his happy married life was spent. There his children were born, and, like himself, baptized. He was sojourning, and spending himself amidst those who had known him

from infancy—to many of the older parishioners he was "Master Theodore" to the very end of his life—he was moving and toiling among scenes of which every feature was familiar, and into which the shock of the unexpected, or the disquieting element of strangeness, never entered. Yes, I repeat, the happiest years of his life. I know that there was never a time when he was not "light-hearted." But looking back on the thirty years of my acquaintanceship with him, I am convinced that it was this decade—this central decade of his earthly career—which saw the high-water mark of his natural and infectious gaity and buoyancy of disposition.

He devoted himself whole-heartedly to his pastoral labours, visiting his people—especially the sick and suffering—diligently, and entering sympathetically into their joys and sorrows; not only teaching, but also—as he never tired of telling others—learning too:

"The longer one lives," so he wrote to a friend in 1891, just after the close of the Parochial Mission at Icklesham, "the more one sees how God has done all but *compelled* us to believe. With children and old people especially we sometimes almost see God face to face. But how can we help others to attain to our own certainty? 'Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.' But we are *surrounded* with signs if we only knew. The awful symptom is when we find ourselves growing blind to others' goodness, and this is a specially ecclesiastical failing."

The home life at the Vicarage was ideal. Its purity and peace, its simplicity, kindliness, and hospitality diffused a sanctifying influence which was felt through the whole of the little parish.

He was continually occupied in devising and establishing new aids to the uplifting of his little flocks at Icklesham and Rye Harbour. Monthly meetings for the instruction of communicants, Bible-classes for

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men, a guild for mothers, a branch of the G.F.S., children's Eucharists (for which he himself composed some simple and tuneful music), a debating society, an orchestral society, frequent homely social gatherings—these and many other "parochial good works" were inaugurated and carried on with conscientious regularity.

The number of Confirmation candidates supplied in those days by the parish was always high, comparing favourably with the highest diocesan average. It was the custom in the East Sussex villages for the children on May Day to construct floral "garlands," carry them covered with a veil from door to door, and offer inspection for what may well be described as "Baksheesh." A laudable attempt to rechristianise this custom was made at Icklesham. The children were invited to bring their May garlands *into Church*, and deposit them near the altar, with the singing of a hymn "to the praise and glory of God." And as another instance of his desire to "bring God into things" may be mentioned his revival of the blessing of the fisheries at Rye Harbour—the portion of his parish in which many of the men were amongst "those who go down to the sea in ships." On the afternoon of Sunday, October 7, 1894, after evensong in the little Church of the Holy Spirit, a Litany for those at Sea was sung in procession from the Church to the beach, where, in a suitable spot, surrounded by the fishing-boats and decorated with flags by the coastguards, this interesting service was held. Prayers were offered for the bodily and spiritual welfare and protection of seafaring men and lads, and for a prosperous fishing season, the form of Office being based upon a fourteenth-century service used long since in Iona and elsewhere in Scotland.

It was, I think, in the year 1897 that Churton cooperated with the writer and other clerical neighbours

in the organisation of courses of illustrated lantern lectures on English Church history, for the instruction and edification of the villagers in half a dozen neighbouring parishes. The scheme was that each lecturer was to tour with his slides for a week, "firing off" his lecture each night in the village schoolrooms or parish halls of the places which were included in the itinerary. So successful was the venture, that courses of such teaching were given for several winters in succession; and Churton introduced the same method of historical instruction afterwards at Bexhill. I can never forget the ardour with which he flung himself into arranging the details of the scheme. He wrote scores of letters, suggesting not only subjects of lectures, but also suitable slides by which these subjects should best be illustrated. Here is one of the many communications which I received:

"You will see that I have put you down for 'The Friars.' This year's scheme involves a speedy rushing through the centuries; but next year, D.V., we might go through Reformation and Puritan times at greater length, and to the great benefit and enlightening of those benighted souls who fancy that the original Reformers and the Puritans were identical! And then we might have Sir W. Waller at Chichester with his soldiers quartered in the Cathedral, and Dean Bruno Ryves' graphic account of it all, with the hacking to pieces of the Communion plate, and the mutilation of the statue of Edward VI. in the Cathedral because 'his Prayer-Book was the cause of all this mischief!' Don't you think that this would teach people a good deal that it would do them good to learn?

"Ever yours affectionately,

"T. T. C."

Of his own share in the lecturing I have much happy recollection. Of course, in seriousness he surpassed us all. We others had the advantage of him in but

one particular—the limitation of our acquaintance with our allotted subject enabled us to complete our lecture within the arranged "ninety minutes!" He, on the other hand, could never finish. On one occasion, I remember, his subject was "John Keble." The picture on the screen was the quadrangle of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, with its ancient cylindrical dial surmounted by the effigy of the pelican. In his sweetest manner, but at prodigious length, Churton from the platform was enlarging most delightfully on the probable influence of the daily sight of that fair symbol on the youthful Keble, when from the back of the room there suddenly came an agitated appeal from the lanternist—a blacksmith—in good old Sussex language: "Mus' Churton, this 'ere slide be gettin' unaccountable 'ot."

It is impossible for me to pass from or close my reminiscences of these lantern lectures without describing a *contretemps* in which he and I were chief actors. It was the night of February 17, 1898. On this occasion I was the lecturer (my subject "Thomas Becket"), and Rye Harbour the place After tea at Icklesham Vicarage, the high dog-cart was brought out, and we started off—Churton driving old Polly—in the blackness of a moonless winter night, through Winchelsea, and then across the exposed marsh which separates Rye and its harbour. About half a mile from our objective, at a point where the road was in a terrible condition, it occurred to Churton that we were behind time! But a slight overdriving of poor Polly by no means ended the difficulty, it resulted in a catastrophe; she tripped and fell postrate, throwing the clerical occupants of the cart headlong in the road. The reader must picture the scene—two recumbent incumbents, etc. (no wonder that an account of the tragedy was headed "*Low* Church" in a parochial

magazine the following month!). Churton recovered himself first, and shouted to me: "Where are you? Are you hurt?" The reply was: "Not a bit. Are *you?*" "*Are my slides uninjured? They are worth nearly £5.*" The carriage lamps had been extinguished in the smash, and when a light was obtained it was discovered that the forecarriage was a complete wreck, both shafts being broken. The poor steed's head was bleeding profusely, but the two reverend passengers and their slides mercifully escaped without a scratch. The kind people at the harbour—coastguards and others—were not only prompt in rendering assistance, but also profuse in expressions of sympathy and condolence. The lecture was delivered to a crowded audience!

In politics he was Conservative; at least, he always voted Tory. But he was no political obscurantist. He had already been greatly interested in such work as that of the Barnetts at Toynbee Hall, and St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and when the Christian Social Union was founded he became a member. He admitted that it was only borne in upon him tardily that the practical application of the doctrine of the Atonement covered the betterment of man's social conditions, as well as his spiritual relation with God, consequently the connection between religion and politics had not always been to him a matter of recognition or importance. He saw all the good in the old order, and had a natural inclination to the social and political ideals of the Tractarians and their immediate followers. But he saw also that they were the ideals of a passing age; and though he was critical of new movements, and thought that things should move slowly if mistakes were to be avoided, he was too human and humane to wish the old preserved at any cost to the present. He loathed the idea of disestablishment, and very rarely

was he known to speak and write more severely on any scheme which savoured to him of injustice than he did on the spoliation of the property of the Church in Wales.

In 1900, by the resignation of the Rev. W. L. Grane, the Rectory of Bexhill became vacant, and Bishop Wilberforce appointed Churton to succeed him. The normal population at that time served by the parish church—exclusive of visitors to the rapidly growing seaside town—was about 5,000. (It has since increased by fifty per cent.) Churton was instituted on December 16, and began residence in his new home before Christmas. The change from the rural and secluded life of quiet labour to the bustling up-to-date activities of a pleasure resort was tremendous.

He wrote as follows to a friend:

"Bexhill Rectory,
"*January* 2, 1901.

"Yes, the wrench is made, and we are uprooted from dear Icklesham and planted in new soil! It was very strange to be spending Christmas, for the first time in one's life, *not* at Icklesham. But the beginning here has, I must thankfully own, been much happier and more full of promise than I had thought possible."

Churton, however, was not the man to flinch from any task which came as a clear vocation. His optimism was always a reinforcing power. The following extract from a letter written a decade later to a friend who had been called to a new and arduous pastoral charge demonstrates his attitude of mind towards such difficulties:

"I must send you one line of very hearty congratulation on your preferment, for I *do* congratulate you on being offered and on having accepted a parish which involves much work and a constantly strenuous

effort. . . . I was going to say that you have been called to a 'forlorn hope,' but that it is only partly true; it is *not* 'forlorn,' no work for God can be that, but it is a 'hope,' and more: full of hope through the God of hope, who will make you 'abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.'"

And it was in this same abundance of hope that Churton set himself bravely to the new task to which he had now been called, and shouldered the heavier burden of responsibility. As in old days Amos, the "herdman of Tekoa," went in the strength of the Lord from his rural toil to prophesy in the cities of Samaria, so Churton, born and bred amidst rural surroundings, renounced his village life and ministry to become a town parson.

Of his work as a Parish Priest at Bexhill I am incompetent to write from the standpoint of intimate knowledge. Scores of times in the next few years, after attending meetings at Brighton on diocesan business, we travelled eastwards and homewards together by train, and he would occasionally allude to the big schemes which were to be carried out under his guidance and leadership—the erection of the Malet Memorial Hall in Belle Hill; the building of All Saints, Sidley; the enlargement of the Girls' School; and the raising of £4,000 for increasing the accommodation of the parish church. But what he still loved most to talk of was "the souls of men"; statistics, organisation, finance, and the like were a weariness to him. He was no man of *business;* he was always, first and foremost, a shepherd, imbued with the spirit of "the Good Shepherd."

But a flood of testimony from others as to his work and influence as Rector of Bexhill has been forthcoming, and of this I have largely availed myself—for the purposes of this little memoir—with gratitude.

Let one of his parishioners at Bexhill speak for all:

"It is difficult for anyone who did not personally know our saintly Rector to understand what he really was to those who came in close touch with him in his social as well as his ministerial life, and who felt the power and influence of his wonderful personality.

"We had come to Bexhill in the autumn of 1901 to seek a home. As we left the church he passed us in the road. He looked so young and bright, his round felt hat pushed slightly back from his forehead; we thought he was one of the assistant curates. We soon became accustomed to the sight of him as our Rector both in and out of church, though it was some months before we knew him personally. The children were quite fascinated with him at once, his devoted love for children and complete understanding of them no doubt appealing to them. His was a happy and joyous nature; he possessed a marvellous power of throwing off thoughts of work and worry, entering heart and soul into the employment of the moment, and enjoying to the full any relaxation in which he took part. He would be the life and centre of little evening gatherings, laughing heartily over funny games or good stories.

"He loved being in the open air, revelling in the sunshine and the beauties of Nature. The whole family used often to take their meals in the garden even quite early in the spring. Flowers were a great joy to him. He would sometimes gather and arrange them himself with great taste; and many a bunch he carried to sick people, or a pot of fine blooms would be sent from his greenhouse to friends who had none.

"He had great musical talent. He would accompany a service on the organ with skill. It was not only the technique of his playing that charmed, but also the spirit. Every shade of meaning in the words of canticle or hymn was brought out; an apt fulfilment of Faber's words:

'O music, thou surely art worship.'

He often improvised on the organ, and would play when alone in church after he had been taking a

service. He would sometimes give us little organ recitals, assisted by his nieces playing the violin and 'cello."

* * * * *

Of Churton's musical talent there are several notices in these pages. It was certainly remarkable. In the Icklesham days he would sometimes amuse his intimate friends by sitting at the piano and portraying in music the character of mutual acquaintances so accurately and graphically that the answer to his laughing question, "Now, who is this?" was nearly always a correct one. And in the village church there was a decrepit and dilapidated organ, large portions of the interior of which were held together, it was said, by bits of string and strips of stamp paper, defying the efforts of ordinary performers to produce any consecutive melody. But out of this "familiar friend" Churton was always able to elicit sweet music.

In connection with this instrument I may mention a humorous incident. The day came when its "restoration" was taken in hand; further, its "reopening" was to be celebrated by a great village feast. A talented organist from Hastings was invited to come over to give a recital. There was to be a festival service, with a special preacher—I know this, for I was myself the victim—and a huge tea-party in the afternoon. Everything was ready—*except the organ!* We had a service and tea, of course, and no one laughed more good-temperedly than the Vicar! But we must return from this digression to Bexhill and more serious things. Again I quote the words of the same parishioner:

"To turn to his ministerial work, which was, indeed, the work of his life. It was deeply interesting to watch the growth and expansion of his labours in Bexhill. Coming as he did from country life to a much wider sphere, with more scope for his many

talents, he was soon immersed in a variety of activities which engrossed much of his time and thoughts. It was his custom to think and talk of plans some time before bringing them into effect. He never did things hastily, and was always ready to relinquish what he felt to have failed in its purpose after due and patient trial.

"For many years he held Bible-classes on Mondays after evensong during the winter months. He went through with us the Epistle to the Ephesians, the First Epistle of St. John, and part of the Gospel of St. John. What a joy it was to listen as he expounded the Scriptures verse by verse standing at the chancel steps in his cassock, Bible in hand! There was a fascination in the quiet manner, the impressive pauses, and the beautiful face often lighted up by a heavenly smile. He possessed a strong sense of humour, and often said quaint things.

"Perhaps of all his teaching that on Holy Communion was the most beautiful. He gave us communicants' preparation services at first monthly, later on before festivals. At the close of evening service he would come from the vestry and kneel in silent prayer, his head bowed on his hands. The address would be given from the chancel steps, the light from the screen shining down on his dear face as he talked to us of the deep things of God.

"His manner of celebrating was most quiet and reverent. There was no mumbling or hurry, you could hear every word.

"What can one say of him as pastor and friend? Some people found him shy and rather difficult to talk to—a result, perhaps, of his natural reserve, or a sensitiveness which made him conscious of any criticalness or lack of sympathy in those with whom he was dealing. He had a keen insight into character, and was rarely deceived in people; but his warm heart prompted all sorts of kind deeds. He made all his 'workers' feel the importance of their particular bit of work. In illness or trouble he was ever ready to visit and console, though I do not think that he was fond of visiting—indeed, he was heard to say *that part of his Lenten rule* was to pay calls!

"He was a man of prayer. It was quite natural to him to turn to the great source of spiritual health and strength; and it never seemed out of place when he said, 'Let us pray about it,' whatever the difficulty or anxiety might be. He possessed a wonderful compelling and magnetic power, which drew out the confidence of any who sought his spiritual guidance—a power not entirely unfelt by others. How gentle he was with the erring! And yet he could, when need arose, be stern and uncompromising. He never flinched from speaking boldly against sin, while he grieved over those who had disappointed his hopes. One of the most striking features of his character was his deep humility; he seemed to think nothing of his own gifts and powers, or to have any ambition except that of being and doing good. He was a keen lover of Nature; the 'beautiful out of doors' ever appealed to him. 'God is so good' he would often say, when enjoying the sunshine and the flowers. He was always optimistic, seeing the best side of things, and helping people to better and brighter lives; and one of his favourite sayings was: 'God sees us not as we are, but rather as we are becoming.'"

* * * * *

From the time of his appointment to Bexhill until the end of his life various ecclesiastical offices and honours came to him, calling him to new duties, and making fresh calls upon his thought and time and energy. In 1902 Bishop Wilberforce made him one of his Examining Chaplains, and in the following year gave him, on the death of Mr. Barrow, a Canonry and the Prebendal Stall of Colworth in Chichester Cathedral —the same stall which had been his father's for so many years.

In 1908 he was appointed Archdeacon of Lewes, an office which he held for four years, until the Archdeaconry was subdivided, when he retained the eastern half, in which all his pastoral work had lain, with the title "Archdeacon of Hastings." The an-

Photo by Herbert Vieler, Bexhill.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BEXHILL.

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nouncement to the Diocese of Churton's appointment as Archdeacon was most happily made at Rye on May 1, 1908. There is no centre in the whole Diocese where, at that time, Churton was more affectionately remembered or so intimately known. The new Bishop (Dr. Ridgeway) had commenced work just a few weeks previously to the holding of the sessions of the Diocesan Conference in the old monastery buildings at Rye. The Bishop's short announcement was received with loud cheers. It ran:

"I hope that in Prebendary Churton, Rector of Bexhill, one of my Examining Chaplains, who has accepted the post only after grave consideration and with much hesitation, I have chosen one who will be heartily welcomed and trusted in the discharge of his important duties."

The wisdom of man has not yet devised a satisfactory definition of modern "Archidiaconal functions." The dignitaries to whom their performance is assigned are always honoured and honourable gentlemen, ornamental for the most part, even if not illustrious and conspicuous in the matter of special usefulness. If the man-in-the-street fails to grasp and appreciate the utility of an Archdeacon, it is the fault of neither. Although the office of an Archdeacon is one of the primitive institutions of the Church, his present day rôle is most illogical. But I venture to forecast that the antiquity of the office will be the safeguard of its vitality, and that *pace* the pessimism of John of Salisbury and other mediæval critics, *pace* the denunciations of Archbishop Peckham, *pace* the threatenings of modern exponents of Church reform, Archdeacons will yet be "saved"—though, perhaps, in a more historical and logical capacity than at present—to serve the Church in the future. Of modern Archdeacons Churton was one of the gentlest and most courteous.

No sooner had the announcement of his new office become known than congratulations poured in on him. Here is a very typical and characteristic answer :

"I thank you from my heart for your most kind letter. You may imagine that such an offer meant much anxious thought and weighing of pros and cons. More especially I feared an injustice to Bexhill with its many claims. But this difficulty the Bishop overruled, and it seemed cowardice and sloth to refuse. And if it is right, one must believe that in the working out it will be right in all the details of strength and a right judgment and the apportionment of one's time. And this morning I have been much encouraged by the assurance that it was our late Bishop's wish, too. I am writing this in the train, as I am on the sublunary expedition to town for the purpose of clothing my calves (so much less important than 'the calves of our lips') with those curious and inconvenient nether garments, without which 'Archidiaconal functions' are popularly supposed to be shorn of half their significance. But how trivial that is in comparison with the new opportunities! *You* will, I know, and many true friends besides, give me the help of your prayers, the best help of all.

"Ever yours very affectionately,
"T. T. C."

The registrar (Mr. Husey Hunt) informs me that Churton cited the clergy to official Visitations in 1910, 1911, and 1912. It was in 1911 that he made, in his "Charge," the following delicate allusion to certain clerical secessions which had recently agitated ecclesiastical circles both in and beyond the limits of the Diocese of Chichester. After referring to a large number of changes in the clerical personnel of the Archdeaconry, he said :

"There are others who are no longer with us. We are not unmindful of whatever was loyal and faithful in their teaching in Brighton while they were with us.

Yet we may apply to them the Apostle's words: 'They went forth from us, but they were not of us.' Amid the regrets that such departures cause there is this source of satisfaction—that if the pressure of legitimate ecclesiastical discipline considerately applied is sufficient to make a priest doubt the validity of his orders and position, then obviously that doubt must have been already in existence, though perhaps only half consciously, in his own mind, and would inevitably have been a growing source of weakness to his parish as well as to himself if he had remained with us. Our sympathy and our prayers go out to those parishes and congregations which have suffered, not unmingled with deep thankfulness, that by God's grace the work of the Church in these parishes, instead of being weakened, as was anticipated by some, has been so visibly and beyond all expectation consolidated and strengthened."

Apropos of Churton's Visitations, a somewhat humorous story went the round of the county. It appears that on one occasion the date chosen had already been appropriated by sporting authorities as a fixture for a race meeting in the county town. Churton would not listen to any suggestion of postponing his own engagement, and when the morning trains arriving at Lewes disgorged their contents, the inhabitants of the old-world town whispered to each other their surprise at the large number of clergy attending—"the Races!" At all events, on that occasion, many very respectable and respected churchwardens were mistaken, it is said, for "bookies."

To return to his parochial work at Bexhill. If it be asked on what were his energies principally centred the answer can be given in a word—*schools*. Other things were not by any means neglected, unless, perhaps, may be mentioned "pastoral visitation," for which in his increasingly busy life he was less and less able to find time and opportunity. It was in the Church schools—secondary and elementary alike—

that he renewed his own youth, found the receptivity which always attracted him, and experienced the happiest response to his ministrations and teaching.

Preaching at St. Peter's, Bexhill, on the Sunday after Churton's death, from the very appropriate text, Hosea xi. 4, "*With cords of a man, with bands of love,*" the Rev. E. H. Littlewood, a friend of fifty years standing, since called to his rest, spoke thus of this particular department of Churton's work :

"His large generous heart yearned day by day to spend its energy for others. Nothing and no one was too insignificant to attract his ready and sympathetic help. The schools of the parish had a large place in his heart. He loved this part of his work which he set himself to do with kind and thorough earnestness. He loved the joyousness and freshness of youth, and saw grand possibilities in the moulding of character and habits. His own saintly manhood wound itself round the unfolding spiritual life of the young, and started them on the upward path of reverence towards God and loving sympathy to man."

The testimony afforded by the following letter, written by the headmistress of one of the private schools for girls in Bexhill, well summarises a large mass of similar appreciations with which I have been supplied :

"It is impossible to express the thankfulness which I personally feel for having had the privilege of his friendship ; nor is it possible to estimate in the smallest degree the *inspiration* he has been to the children of the Bexhill schools who have had the great privilege of his teaching and example. Four of our girls were baptized by him, besides all those he yearly prepared for Confirmation. I shall always remember the last sermon I heard him preach, on Ezekiel's vision of the river, so wonderfully applicable to his own life, for it was from his own daily and continual self-sacrifice that has flowed the river of blessing to all who came in

contact with him. The debt we and all our girls owe to him is incalculable, though they possibly may not realise it fully till they have had more experience of life."

By the kindness of one of Churton's whilom colleagues, I have seen the little manual—if it can so be called—which he used as the basis of his intructions at these catechetical classes. It is a copy of Mrs. C. D. Francis's "Simple Explanation of the Church Catechism," S.P.C.K., price 1d.! Though worn to a wreck by constant use, it is—and well may be—a most cherished possession to its present owner. The pages of this "precious pennyworth" are interleaved and annotated from top to bottom in Churton's caligraphy, the writing sometimes, for lack of space, so tiny as to be scarcely decipherable, sections, sub-sections, and sub-sub-sections, marked in black and red ink; here a few words suggestive (to himself) of a happy illustration from some classical author or modern poet; there a hint compressed into a few words, of material for half an hour's teaching (let me give one example: *s.v.* "inheritors" we find "Abraham's three homes, Ur, Haran, Canaan; *cf.*, Earth, Paradise, Heaven"), but everywhere evidence of the thought, the care, the love which he lavished on what was always to him the *sacred* work of religious instruction, especially in the case of those who were likely to become, later on in life, the teachers of others. The elementary schools of the parish were equally the object of his continual and solicitous attention. One of the head-teachers supplies me with this graphic account of Churton's interest in them:

"He loved children and understood them entirely, and the work in the schools was very near his heart. It was a wonderful and happy experience to work under him there, and his teachers could always count

on his interest and sympathy. I do not think anything escaped him; he liked a schoolroom to be pleasant and orderly, and with flowers about, if possible. He was pleased at the good work done by the elder children and at their winning scholarships; and he would praise their painting and singing, and send beautiful songs for them to learn. Once when away at some gathering he heard a fine poem, which he made time to copy himself, and bring back for the girls to learn. He lent them the rectory field for games, and in the playground I have seen him stand to watch small runners and cheer them on to victory. No one, however, could work under him without feeling that his eye was on the things that matter—on the children's faces, and on their very hearts. He taught us the true value of things.

"He came every week, unless unavoidably hindered, to teach in each school—boys', girls', and infants'. As the time for his visit drew near, the children's eyes would wander towards the door, and their faces would brighten as it opened and his cheerful and kindly 'Good-morning,' was heard. Then in he came, often with a large roll of attractively coloured pictures under his arm; one or two of these were put up, and he would give a wonderful lesson on them, very simple, very clear and practical, using homely but most telling illustrations, his words and manner so impressive that the children easily remembered what he had said. It was an inspiration to any teacher to hear him, he was always so gentle and patient and encouraging, yet a disciplinarian who could be stern on occasion; but that was hardly ever necessary! He seemed rather to go hand in hand with the children throughout a lesson, so leading them on that they were eager to answer. He got far more out of a class than do most teachers, and the children would offer him their own reflections in a delightful fashion, and he obviously enjoyed these! He believed greatly in encouragement, and often said, 'How well you have remembered!' or, 'That is quite right!' and then a little face would flush with pleasure. His delightful gaiety and sense of humour, of course, charmed the children. The lesson over, he would often pay a visit to one or more of the class-rooms, and

if he could stay a few minutes he was at once the centre of a happy group, the children having a great deal to say to him! They were quite sure of his sympathy, and confided their small affairs—new toys, and the latest achievements of the babies at home, and other engrossing matters. They loved to win praise from him, and would recount anything laudable, such as helping mother by rocking the baby or running to the shop; and he would say: 'What useful children you are!' His insight was extraordinary, and I often learnt more about my class from watching his handling of it once a week than from long hours of work: the shy and slow children were encouraged and stimulated; some were quietly passed over, but all were *loved*, and they all felt this, and loved him in return. And sometimes, when the lesson was over, I saw him going away with a small green apple, or a little bunch of much-handled flowers in his hand, unmistakable signs! Every Christmas they made him a card, and the best writers would compete to write him a little note, and great was the pleasure and pride of the winner! At the school treats he entered into the whole proceedings from start to finish, and with evident enjoyment. In the summer the children used to line up just outside the churchyard wall—the long rows were a pleasant sight in the sunshine—and he would come out from the Rectory quite early and smile at us before we went into church for the short service, which he always took himself; and at the very end he was in the field, judging the racing, and awarding the prizes.

"He invariably came to our school concerts and prize-givings, and was so appreciative and interested that we were all cheered and ready to go on trying. He usually took the children's service on Sundays himself, and gave addresses in very simple language, yet full of deep teaching. He would put up a large picture and tell the children about it; and we often heard a beautiful story at that service—he seemed to have an endless store of them. Who that heard him speak to the children on Good Friday morning can ever forget it? The atmosphere of loving sorrow, the quiet penetrating voice, the gentle persuasiveness of his appeal to spend the day quietly, and the beautiful

face looking down with a kindly smile on the young upturned faces before him, all this is a holy memory for which we thank God.

Every month he held a Sunday-school teachers' class at the Rectory; and I love to recall those evenings in his study, a delightful room where books overflowed their shelves, and where flowers were always to be seen. It used to be rather crowded on those Tuesday evenings! There he taught us the inner meanings of things only half-understood before, and showed us, as only a born teacher can, the way to children's minds and hearts. It seems hopeless to attempt to describe the freshness and joyousness, the fun and the lightness of touch, the sympathy and encouragement; and, on the other hand, the dignity and deliberateness and skill shown in his teaching, while his holiness was as a light on it all. 'We must give our children the *best*,' he said one evening; and perhaps these words sum up his work for them as well as any can. We teachers, who had the priceless privilege of watching him with the children, know that from him they had the '*best*' indeed, and ourselves try to follow, though ever so far behind, in the way he showed us."

About the time of his appointment to Bexhill he attached himself, on the pressure of friends, to an organisation in which he promptly took a deep, sympathetic, and active interest—viz., "The Society of Watchers and Workers," which had been founded on the Feast of the Transfiguration, 1876. He became Chaplain of St. John the Baptist's Watch, and bore that office until his death.

In 1903 he was present in London at the Society's anniversary meeting, held at St. Andrew's Institute, Westminster, under the presidency of Bishop Wilkinson. At the anniversary service preceding this meeting the Bishop of St. Alban's was celebrant, and the Bishop of Salisbury the preacher; and the report of the function includes the information that "the Rev.

Theodore Churton, one of our fifteen Chaplains, took the organ with skilful and tender touch." And there is ample testimony from other sources that his beautiful and sympathetic playing was always looked forward to and appreciated by those who attended these anniversary gatherings.

That same year (1903) he contributed to the pages of the *Watchword*—the Society's monthly magazine—half a dozen little papers on the "Veni Creator." Of these papers, on which he evidently expended a considerable amount of thought and prayer, I have ventured to append this brief résumé:

"As a preliminary consideration, it may be well to think that, as in the 'Sarum Missal,' the celebrant is bidden to recite 'Veni Creator' before vesting and preparing the sacred vessels, so we should always invoke the Holy Spirit to prepare 'the living chalice of our hearts' for Communion. The Holy Spirit is '*Creator*' Spirit. So our prayer should be: 'Maker, remake; perfect what Thou hast planned.' He gives to things material the three gifts which at the first (see Gen. 1. 2) they lack—viz., beauty, life, and light. In inverse order these are bestowed upon the material and the spiritual world alike. 'Celestial fire' is the fire on the altar of burnt offering kindled by God Himself. It is His Gift for enlightenment, cleansing, and love. Thrice in this hymn we find an allusion to 'unction': and each time a hint is given as to the purpose of the Divine Gift—viz., (1) for strength, (2) for charity, (3) for joy (note the order; the purpose is the counteraction of (1) our weakness, (2) our selfishness, (3) our sorrow). Of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, four illumine our reason, three affect our heart. Our 'blinded sight' can only be restored by God Himself, for we can only see the sun by the sun's own light; and our 'soiled face'— soiled by our own sin and selfishness—can only be purified by the vision of Him, whose visage was not only 'marred'—did the countenance of our Divine Master bear traces of the burden of our sins and sorrows?—but also trans-

figured. But by grace comes finally 'peace at home' —*i.e.*, in the home of the heart; peace with God and man in the 'endless song' of a deathless and ever deepening devotion."

There is no doubt that the "Society of Watchers and Workers" made an irresistible appeal to Churton's sympathies. He found himself in contact with many souls who had accepted not only the discipline, but even the vocation, of earthly suffering. To the members of the watch of which he was Chaplain he sent each Christmas a card of tender and cheerful greeting, and some of his very best correspondence by letter was in connection with what he conceived to be his duty as Chaplain. I append two letters written to a member of the Society; and what I regard as a most typical specimen of his preaching—a sermon delivered in London at one of the annual gatherings of "S.W.W."—finds a place at the close of this little volume.

"My dear Friend,

"Though I am still personally unknown to you, I hope you will again let me send you a few words of greeting and my heartiest wishes that this New Year (1898) may be to you, in spite of whatever may be dark and hard to bear, indeed a happy one.

"In one of George Macdonald's poems there is this beautiful thought—that New Year's Day is only the shadow of Christmas Day; and 'when shadow clasps substance the kingdom is won,' as though all our New Years are otherwise unsubstantial, mere shadows, except as opportunities for grasping more closely the one great fact of Christmas Day—'God with us.'

* * * * *

"Surely it is a message of good cheer to us all, especially for those who have to fight the hardest battle of all, to which God often appoints His best-trusted soldiers—the conflict with weakness and ill-health. 'The mystery of pain' is still a mystery; but since the Incarnation it has not all been dark. Nothing but the

love of God could have devised the manifestation of God in our weak flesh—God suffering, despised, forsaken; and yet this very weakness has been the victory which has overcome. 'The weakness of God is stronger than men.' And that strength is still being made perfect in our weakness, that we, too, may be out of weakness made strong by the power of the 'Name which is above every name.'

"May we place that Name in the forefront of the New Year, as many of the fifteenth-century printers used to place the one word JESUS on the first page of their books. So shall God be with us all the days, and the kingdom even now be won.

"Yours most sincerely,
"THEODORE CHURTON."

"Dear ——,

"Miss —— has told me of your sorrow.

"At such times (of bereavement), terrible as they are to us, God seems to be, as it were, taking us by the hand to lead us to understand something that means quite a new kind of knowledge and peace and hope. As someone has said: 'He who has never known a great sorrow has read one page the less in God's Book of Life.' I suppose this is the only way. If an easier way had been as good for us God would have let it be so. But it is hard at first to 'hearken what the Lord God will say concerning me.' Please forgive me for saying so much and writing so clumsily. May God 'comfort your hearts and stablish you in every good word and work.'

"Yours most sincerely,
"T. T. C."

The following letter, written to one who was preparing to undergo a severe operation, may fittingly be inserted here:

"To look forward to an operation must always mean an anxious time, not unmixed with fears. But you won't forget, I know, that cheery and true saying, 'God gives us the unknown future as a time for hope,

and not for fear'; and one sees over and over again that fears vanish, and not only hope and strength, but also a sort of joyous confidence, come in their place. At any rate, you will restfully abide 'in the defence of the Most High under the shadow of the Almighty.'"

No clerical biography is complete, I suppose, unless it contains some reference to preaching and sermons, I have, therefore, been at considerable pains to gather, from many various sources, a general idea of the popular estimate of Churton's preaching. Those of his hearers who knew him intimately—such knowledge involving, as it did, recognition of the sources of his piety, learning, and love—valued him very highly as a preacher. But to others he might seem in that capacity sometimes perhaps disappointing. There are reasons for this. Most men do best what they love most. Churton did not love preaching, although he delighted so keenly in teaching young people. Again, it is noteworthy that, like so many other extremely musical people, he neglected, as far as he himself was concerned, the simple art of voice production. His utterance was clear, but thin. A congregation of people who were unacquainted with him personally would often be left ignorant of his enthusiasm just for lack of its expression. His wonderful scholarliness, his exquisite command of language and delicate choice of words, and, above all, his spirituality and refinement of thought, were somewhat handicapped by a weakness of that important element of public preaching—"delivery."

But in addresses to guilds, or little bands of communicants, or in retreat and "quiet day" meditations, he was at his best, and a priest in the Diocese of Chichester says:

"Once he took the three hours here *perfectly*."

I believe that he never spoke at diocesan conferences or *large* gatherings unless invited and pressed to do so. In spite of the versatility of his culture, the well-informed and balanced character of his judgment on an immense variety of subjects, and his intensity of conviction, he would often, in his desire to escape "limelight," allow his great gifts to go by default, and rather than put himself forward deliberately miss opportunities of raising the multitude to his own level. But in smaller gatherings it was not so.

In the year 1891 he co-operated with the Vicar of Rye and myself in forming the *East Sussex Clerical Association.* The objects of E.S.C.A.—still a "live" institution, which even the war has failed to exterminate—were the study of Holy Scripture and of Christian theology and history, and the discussion of subjects of clerical interest. The little meetings of clerical neighbours—held at each other's houses four or five times a year—were frankly sociable, informal, intimate. It was tacitly understood that a member might "without prejudice" deliver himself of the most heterodox opinions, though it must be admitted that only on rare occasions such a thing happened. Now during his Icklesham days Churton attended these gatherings with praiseworthy regularity, and never failed to lift up whatever subject was under discussion to a lofty level, for here was something esoteric, far removed in character from the "public speaking" which he always avoided and escaped when possible. He himself at various periods between 1891 and 1901 contributed papers on "Recent Discoveries at Capernaum," "Retention and Instruction of Communicants," "Our Non-Churchgoing Parishioners," "Choral Eucharists," and "Pastoral Ideals." (A glance at these titles will demonstrate the main character of the things for which he cared.) I hope that I shall be

pardoned for recalling and registering in print a memory of one of the early meetings of E.S.C.A. The "opener" of the subject on that occasion relied, for the main point of his argument, on a Latin quotation with which, employing tremendous emphasis, he eoncludcd his peroration. But, alas! he was guilty of a ghastly and horrible "false quantity." Sitting opposite to Churton, I caught a glimpse of him at that thrilling moment. A writhing movement of his body, as of anguish, gradually gave place to an agonising effort to restrain his mirth. I was forced to look elsewhere in order to preserve my own dignity of demeanour. Now the first person called upon by the chairman to initiate the subsequent discussion was Churton, and it was absolutely necessary for him to repeat the classical proverb which had just been so ruthlessly mispronounced. I wondered what would happen! This happened: Churton quoted only the first two words of the proverb, and added "etcetera"! Some years afterwards I came upon the following story:

"Once, when Brother Thomas of Aquino—the Angelic Doctor—was reading aloud in the refectory of his monastery, he was sharply rebuked by his Prior for a supposed mispronunciation of a word. The correction, though unjustified, was accepted meekly, and Thomas reread the offending word according to the Prior's mistaken ruling. '*Why*,' asked the monks afterwards, 'why did you not tell the Prior that you were right?' The reply was; 'The quantity of the word mattered not; what was of consequence was that I should not sin by pride and disobedience.'"

Churton's faults and weaknesses were, as I hinted at the outset, the defects of his qualities. The justice of his reputation for unpunctuality must be admitted. In his early days of work at Icklesham he was, not

occasionally, but constantly, late for services in church. One of his former colleagues says "A 6 a.m. celebration meant T. T. C.'s appearance at anything after 6.15." And all through his life he was unpunctual, though it was not the unpunctuality of dilatoriness but of preoccupation.

One of his most devoted admirers in Bexhill writes as follows:

"Punctuality was not one of his strong points; and I remember how one Lent, in replying, before preaching, to one of the questions which had been sent in, one almost felt the smile with which his reply to this question, 'Is it a sin to be late for meals?' was accompanied. 'Yes,' he said, 'if it interferes with the comfort and order of a household.'"

The fact is, his natural courtesy hindered him from ever allowing himself to appear in a hurry when his attention was solicited, the result being an unfortunate loss of a "sense of proportion" in the matter of engagements, the importance of those made beforehand being suddenly qualified by the pressure of those arising at the moment!

His colleagues of Icklesham days tell of the "loss of considerable quantities of time and temper" while waiting for him to start to or from Rye Harbour on the Friday afternoons and evenings devoted, according to custom, to the visitation of that distant portion of his cure. It was before the days of bicycles, and the journey had to be compassed by dogcart. The hour of departure fixed, the patient steed (old Polly) was brought to the Vicarage door, there to await—attended by the still more patient groom—its master's convenience, while, sometimes for more than an hour, the ardour of the assistant priest who was waiting to accompany the Vicar was "burning itself out"—this is not an allusion, necessarily, to nicotine—in the

garden. The return journey was constantly marked by the same delay, and the curate was fortunate on Friday if he wearily, and sometimes not in the best of temper, sought his virtuous couch by the solemn hour of midnight! But the next day Churton's gracious smile would woo and win forgiveness.

The common belief in handwriting as a revelation of or index to character has always seemed to me precarious. Possibly its style may give some slight indication of the writer's temperament; but temperament and character are widely different things. Churton's handwriting, for neatness and clarity, was a thing of singular beauty; but under no circumstances could anyone have read "unpunctuality" into its author's character had this material alone been presented as a basis for judgment. You would say: "Here surely is the expression of exactness, precision, and similar characteristics." And yet a Church official at Bexhill said to me once: "I have known our dear Rector fix up two engagements for the same hour, and at the last moment fail to attend either, because a third had come along which he felt to be the most pressing!" He was not—but he did not claim to be—a "man of business," as that phrase is commonly understood.

It was popularly supposed that he was a "great reader." That is not quite true. The fact rather is, he *had been.* All his erudition, and all the versatility with which his scholarly and well-stocked mind delighted us who knew him in the second half of his life, were really the result of the literary industry of the first half, aided by the gift of a retentive memory. When I congratulated him on his appointment as Examining Chaplain in 1902, he said: "It will be so good for myself; I shall now be forced to read a little." The claims of his pastoral work were always para-

mount; and, conscientiously fulfilled, they left but small opportunity for the study of books.

On the other hand, it must not be imagined that either at Icklesham or Bexhill he neglected mental culture, or failed to keep abreast with the religious thought of the day. And at odd moments books—especially old favourites—were picked up, read, and reread with avidity. There were two ancient tomes in his study at Icklesham, I remember, with which he had a remarkable familiarity. One was a reprint of the "Book of Domesday"; the other was a copy of Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy," in which all local references had been carefully marked, and the references committed to memory so effectively as to facilitate quotation. Besides these there was a small book which he seemed to know by heart—so often had he studied its pages—Stephens' "History of the Diocese of Chichester."

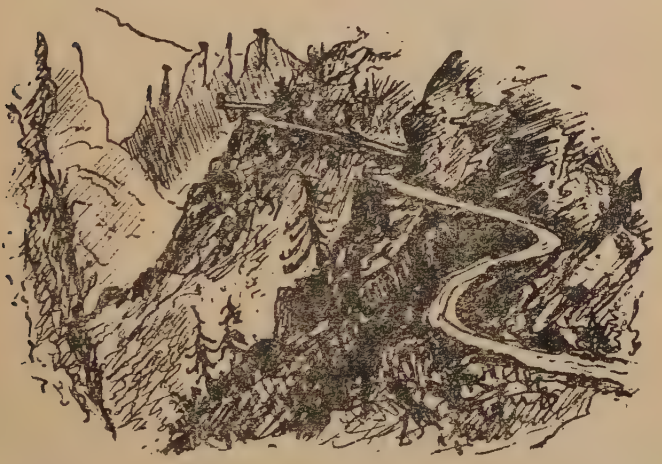
His study, both at Icklesham and afterwards at Bexhill, was lined with books, piled up on floor and shelf and table, and—as is not always the case with clerical libraries—the contents of the books were known to their owner! And close at hand, adjoining the fireplace, was the collection of special favourites—Lacordaire, Browning, Horace, Dante, Keble, Faber, and others, in tiny editions, the companions of many an overseas journey, with which from time to time at odd moments he would refresh both mind and memory.

To be "fond of children" is no rare thing; and the love of one's own family is one of those human characteristics which, thank God! is nearly universal. To Churton's love for children was superadded something which gave it a special glow of reality. When people say, "I love flowers," the statement often provokes the suggestion of further inquiry: What does this "love" of yours involve? What time and trouble

do you give to their cultivation? What pains do you expend on the destruction of their foes? Love for children, like every other form of true love, must include a sacrificial element. It was exactly this which characterised Churton's devotion to young people. They "mattered"; they were important as well as interesting—perhaps the importance of individuals was in inverse ratio to their interestingness! Not once or twice, but scores of times, when travelling abroad, at the close of a long day's walking and climbing, just at the time when other men would with easy conscience be idle, Churton would be sitting down writing long letters—to *children!* And such letters! Those of us who have been privileged to peruse such as have been preserved trace in them part and parcel of the same devoted and meticulous pains which he expended, as we notice elsewhere, on his spiritual ministrations to young people. There is careful and accurate description of what he has himself seen and enjoyed, nearly every page embellished with tiny artistic pen-and-ink sketches of interesting and picturesque places and things, for though his great musical talent was known to many, his exquisite, if undeveloped, powers of sketching and painting were not so well known, and should also be put on record. There are glowing accounts of the beauties of colour and of architecture in which he had himself been revelling; there are specimens of wild-flowers and ferns most beautifully mounted and pressed; the longing "I wish you could see" comes over and over again; and now and then there is a tiny touch which reveals the desire of the father's heart that the children should be all the better as well as all the happier for his affectionate and thoughtful sympathy.

No man ever enjoyed his summer holiday more whole-heartedly than did Churton. It is almost true

THE BELFRY OF BEAUMONT LE ROGER (AUGUST 17, 1902).



ROAD FROM EVOLENA TO AROLLA, SWITZERLAND (AUGUST 18, 1905).

to say that a bit of strenuous travel once a year was the only "recreation" which he allowed himself. He did not care for games for his own amusement—albeit, ready at any time to talk to young people about them with an intelligence which was sufficiently indicative of sympathy—but travel he loved. He was familiar with most of the beautiful places of England, with Brittany and Normandy. He had visited Mount Athos and the Isles of Greece. He had seen the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau. In 1905, 1908, and 1913 he officiated as holiday Chaplain in Switzerland at various places. But the most memorable pilgrimage of his life—"a time full of wonder and happiness," as he spoke of it—was his visit to the Holy Land in the spring of 1910 with Mrs. Churton and a party of friends. For many years he had anticipated that journey with keenness, and to the end of his life he never tired of recalling the treasured experiences. It may be remembered that when Renan was visiting Palestine, he wrote home to a friend:

"I find here a fifth Gospel, torn in parts, and hard to decipher, but yet a wonderful confirmation of the four other books written by the Evangelists."

"A fifth Gospel!" How much more than this is Palestine to the devout Christian let the following extract from one of Churton's letters explain:

"You can imagine how wonderful it is not only to visit the site of the Temple, but to see the very rock on which for centuries stood the altar of burnt-offering, with the channels for carrying away the blood of the sacrifice; to visit Bethany, and the very grave from which Lazarus was restored to life; to kneel in the stable cave at Bethlehem, the most undoubted of all the holy sites, and surely the most sacred spot on earth; to go to Jerusalem, Jericho, and the Jordan, and back by the very road by which Our Lord went

when He 'steadfastly set His Face' to go up to Jerusalem to be crucified for us; to visit the supposed site of the Crucifixion, and of the Burial; and to have been allowed, by the courtesy of the Greek Patriarch, to celebrate the Holy Mysteries in one of the chapels of the Holy Sepulchre."

A SWISS PEASANT GIRL (AUGUST 18, 1905).

To Churton himself this tour in the East was such a notable event in his life that no apology is needed for some considerable mention of it in these pages. His vivid and picturesque account of each day's seeings and happenings was arranged according to his custom in the form of charming letters to the children left at

home. This epistolary diary, which I have had the great privilege of perusing, large portions of which are of far too intimate a character to justify extract or even quotation, elaborately embellished, as I have said, with the most delightful pen-and-ink sketches, gives peculiar evidence of the remarkable "zest" of travel of which Churton was capable. There are but mere allusions, quite lightly made, to all those disagreeable experiences which to so many other Eastern travellers over the same or similar routes have been almost intolerable. The *mal-de-mer*, the discomfort of small and crowded steamers, the long joltings in springless conveyances, the exhausting heat, the awful smells—one remembers how Eliot Warburton in "The Crescent and the Cross" tells of the "pestilential effluvia from dead fish and living Arab"—to all these things mere allusion is made; and the whole power of the artist is brought to bear on descriptions of "whatsoever things are lovely"—the ever-changing hues of sea and sky, the wild-flowers of Palestine, the brilliant colouring of the Oriental bazaars, the charm of the children—the "darling merry little, little brown things" thronging the streets of Alexandria, for instance—and the blue mountains of Moab. But, above all, the sacred associations of places with the record of the Scriptures are always to the front.

The insertion of a few specimens of these simple and spontaneous appreciations of things of interest may be not inappropriate.

The little railway journey from the Sea to Jerusalem has many a time been described by modern travellers but rarely so pleasantly as this:

"At last, soon after two o'clock, we were off (*i.e.* from Jaffa). First through orange groves, with great clusters of the golden fruit, and the delicious scent of the orange-blossom, for both come together on the

orange trees, 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Then the first station we stopped at was 'Lydda, nigh unto Joppa,' where St. Peter cured Æneas. There it is, spelt the same: LYDDA painted on the station. At Lydda there was a great beating of drums and a welcome for some soldiers who had come home. Then on through the Plain of Sharon, where there are quantities of lovely flowers, deep crimson and pink anemones, and a little low graceful feathery white flower, and here and there little pale blue irises and cyclamen. And then we suddenly got into the 'Hill Country of Judæa,' and I sat out on the edge of the open platform at the end of the carriage, no man forbidding me, and had a glorious view of the windings through the deep limestone gorges. A little village here and there, but mostly uninhabited, except by little Turkish or Arab boys, with 'brick-red robes over their tawny skins, keeping their flocks of ink-black kids'—such wicked little sprites they looked (the kids I mean, not the human kids), that one understood better the Bible distinction between the sheep and the goats.

"Then we passed under a great overhanging rock with a cave where it is said that Samson hid from the Philistines. In one place we saw what we read of in the Bible, a tower built in a vineyard, from which to guard the grapes, when ripe, against thieves. And in many places the mountains still seemed 'terraced high with rocky stone,' as though once cultivated on a very large scale—as, indeed, I suppose they were for hundreds of years—with vines. Fig-trees just out in leaf and olive-trees we saw here and there."

Here is his description of the streets of the Holy City:

"The streets of Jerusalem, after you enter the ancient Damascus gate with the stones of the old arch, under which our Lord must have gone, now only just above the ground, are most curious; crowds of brightly dressed folk, all most artistic colours; a camel sometimes lying down with patient half-closed eyes in the middle of the narrow smelly street; shops with

strings of amber beads and all kinds of strange merchandise; and then down a narrow side-street and ever so many steps into an open court with high walls, and a crowd of people selling beads and ornaments and holy things, and in front a glorious doorway, the entrance to the *Church of the Holy Sepulchre!*"

Other and later letters describe vividly and picturesquely visits to the Greek monastery of Mar Saba through the Kedron valley; to Nazareth and Tiberias; to Capernaum, with the ruins of its ancient synagogue; and to many another sacred spot, making the "beautiful and happy time in Galilee" pass all too rapidly.

One more extract from these delightful letters may be added. It tells of the journey to Damascus:

"The line goes up a deep, wild, rocky valley, with a splashing river, the Tarmuk, which joins the Jordan. Tamarisks and palm-trees and tall reeds grow in the narrow valley. Here and there we saw a vulture, or eagles, or rock doves, with lovely blue backs and black wings, and solemn storks taking no notice of the train —they come from Germany and go back there in the summer, which explains their want of interest in desert railways—splashing waterfalls, and great broken cliffs and rocks, and pink oleanders near and in the water, and a deep blue sky overhead. It was beautiful! At last we came up and up to the tableland, fully 2,000 feet above the lake, a great bare plain, without a single tree—the ancient land of Bashan. . . . At last the train began to descend through mountains, and we caught sight of Damascus, with its buildings shining white in the evening light in a welcome valley green with fruit trees. . . . Every street in Damascus is a most amusing and interesting sight, the chief 'bazaars' —*i.e.*, streets of shops—arched over with a high wooden roof, broken in many places, and letting in the sunlight in long slanting rays upon the gay costumes of 'Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks.' Shops with Eastern carpets and tablecloths; shops with patterns

inlaid with mother of pearl; trappings for donkeys; confectioners' stalls, with soft and hard sweetmeats cut up into little squares; water-sellers clinking a cup and saucer; lovely things in brass and copper; open hair-dressers' shops, where you see men having the top of their heads shaved to keep them cool; shops where they sell boxes of Turkish delight; guns and daggers with ivory and mother-of-pearl decorations. . . . The great sight is the mosque. It was once a Christian church, and is a glorious and vast place, forming one side of a great open court, with a sort of cloister with high pillars and arches running round it; and opposite the mosque a door leading into a shady court, with a fountain and trees and roses, leading to Saladin's tomb. We also saw the 'street called straight'. . . and the house of Ananias which is now a little underground church . . . and the 'river of Damascus' . . . and (from a distance—a safe distance—for it is now a hospital for lepers) the site of Naaman's house."

With his characteristic desire to "share his blessings" with the less privileged, Churton, almost immediately after his return home, set himself industriously to prepare some lectures on his tour, which, illustrated with lantern-slides made from photographs taken by himself, were much enjoyed, not only in Bexhill, but in other places where he was induced to deliver them.

But the end of this strenuous earthly activity was approaching. His work overwhelmed him, and undoubtedly the anxieties occasioned by the war brought a superadded strain to his sensitive nature. Compelled by his position and influence to take some considerable share in the public affairs of the rapidly extending town of Bexhill; compelled, too, by his own self-sacrificing spirit to accede to every new and exacting demand made upon his pastoral ministrations, he sank at last under the very burdens which his love for the Church had led him to accept.

But other pens than mine shall bear their witness. One of his Bexhill flock writes:

"The claims upon his time and strength kept increasing as his great usefulness became more and more recognised. But the constant offering of his best, both in sympathy and teaching, not only in the parish, but in the diocese, the multitude of engagements, the hurrying to catch trains or trams, the limitation of intervals for proper meals, all these things began to tell on his never robust health. We saw with pain the gradual symptoms of overwork and overstrain. He would 'give up' nothing; and when the last illness came there was no reserve of strength, no rallying power, to meet it. Heroically he kept up preaching, playing the organ, and taking choir practices (for we were without a regular organist), while he kept cheerily saying: 'Oh, I shall get through all right!'

"During his last Holy Week spent on earth—that of 1915—he was engaged to preach each night at St. Saviour's, Eastbourne, the Vicar of St. Saviour's coming over to relieve him of a course of noonday addresses at Bexhill. Prebendary Whelpton writes to me:

"'I begged him not to come on the Wednesday as he seemed so ill, but he insisted on coming, and seemed much better at night. He then asked me to take the 'three hours' at Bexhill on Good Friday, saying that he had intended to take it himself, but didn't feel up to it. I went over on Good Friday and did it, he playing the hymns throughout. He seemed much better at the end, and actually struggled with me for the possession of my bicycle, urging me to stay longer and go home by train. I wish now that I had done so; it was the last time I saw him. . . .'

"On Easter Day he attended and helped at five services, preaching morning and evening, and playing the organ for the hymns at several of the services. The Blessing given at the close of Easter Day evensong may be considered his final act of ministry in the congregation, though he took several week-day services during the Octave of the Festival.

"Then came the final breakdown, and in six weeks all the suffering was past, and on June 1 he entered into his well-earned rest, leaving a blank in many

lives which never can be filled, and yet, too, the fair sweet fragrance of a bright example and memory:

> "'Earth seems more sweet to live upon,
> More full of love, because of him.'"—LOWELL.

"His well-earned *rest*." It is a phrase which we apply to the faithful departed, sometimes without recognising its real significance. This letter of Churton's to a friend is helpful in showing that the rest of the Blessed Dead is consistent with active service:

"Thank you for that beautiful prayer. It is so near perfection, as you say, that it seems almost wrong to criticise; but I do not altogether feel satisfied with the ending, 'until Thou shalt bid them rest.' The rest of Paradise—if it were only rest (and it must be more, it must be growth, 'they shall go from strength to strength')—even then would not be the τέλος of the Christian soul, but only a passage and a γένεσις. *The* τέλος is not rest, but a perfected *service* in a perfect life of heaven, a service never hurried, but deliberate in the consciousness of eternity (and therefore restful indeed); but still I think the idea of service stronger than the idea of rest: 'His servants shall serve Him.' And this, no doubt, is the meaning of our Lord's words about entering into life maimed. Isn't it the thought that all weakness, and consequent failure of service, here, though forgiven, must leave its mark on the same life in its essentially unbroken continuity hereafter? I think it is a most important thought; it guards people against the two extremes of despair and over-confidence. It is as though one said, 'Don't despair, for heaven is open to all repenting'; and, on the other hand, 'Don't sin lightly, hoping for forgiveness, for even forgiven sin leaves its mark, sometimes permanently.' But I am running on. What I meant to say was that I think I should have liked that prayer to end with some thought of the *continuity* of strength and service, here and hereafter; the *rest* being not the main thought for the life to come."

The keenness of the sorrow with which the news of Churton's death was received in the diocese was only equalled in intensity by the flood of witness to the immense and far-reaching power of the influence which his life and character had exerted on "all sorts and conditions of men."

A northern Bishop wrote:

"Such lives as his are the heritage of us all. They manifest Christ to us in a bewildering and evil world. To those who are nearest to them they reveal something of the spiritual beauty which was God's intention when He made man in His own image."

Here is the record of a medical man's impressions:

"I do not remember anyone who in a first visit left me with such an impression of goodness and unselfishness, I assure you I shall look back always on my acquaintance with him as one of the very memorable things in my professional life."

Bishops and suffragan Bishops, cathedral dignitaries, parish priests, school-teachers, and lay-folk of both sexes, bore their testimony in divers manners, but with complete unanimity to the extraordinary and uplifting influence which intercourse with him had produced. Expressions of gratitude, affection, and respect, all bore striking witness to the same impression. The following extract from the *Bexhill Parish Magazine* (July, 1915)—the writer, one of the Bexhill clergy—deals aptly with the subject:

"Now that he has gone from us, and in answer to our prayers that God would grant him 'life,' He has given him that 'long life even for ever and ever,' many must be pondering over the secret of his wonderful influence. Very few men have been endowed by Nature (as we say) with so many excellent

Photo by Herbert Vieler, Bexhill.

THE RECTORY, BEXHILL.

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gifts. . . . But other priests might be found possessed of all these gifts, and yet exercising little or no influence on the lives of those around them. There is only, I believe, one answer to the question, 'Wherein did his influence lie?' and I believe that the Archdeacon unconsciously gave me this answer in the last talk I had with him one day in Holy Week, when he said: 'The longer we live, and the older we get, the more we realise that, as Lacordaire says, *the only things that matter are the souls of men!*' This it was—who can doubt it?—that not only gave that wonderful blend of buoyancy and simple unaffected dignity to his whole life, but made his spiritual ministrations so extraordinarily valuable. Probably few priests have excelled him in that most difficult part of the priestly office—spiritual direction. He was always so fresh, and consequently so refreshing, always bringing out of his store of learning some authority from ancient or modern writers to support his own dealing with one's sins or difficulties; and, while never sparing one, or lightly passing over faults, yet ever dealing in the gentlest and most loving way with penitents. . . . Our loss makes us only more confident that God had need of his faithful servant in that higher sphere of life beyond where, with even clearer light than he had here, he must be realising that after all *the only things that matter are the souls of men!*"

On the Saturday afternoon in June when we buried him—"gathered to his fathers"—at Icklesham, after the stately and impressive service earlier in the day at Bexhill, one who was present remarked on leaving the churchyard to an old labourer: "I suppose you don't often see such a crowd of people at a funeral here?" The reply was: "No, sir; but Mus' Theedor was pretty well liked, I reckon." In the cautious and restrained language of the East Sussex villager, "pretty well liked" is the exact equivalent of *ἀγαπητός; anglicé*, "dearly beloved."

Theodore Churton was beloved because so lovable,

and lovable because, like St. Barnabas, he was not only "a good man," but "full of the Holy Ghost," a living commentary on St. Paul's words (Gal. v. 22):

"The fruit of the Spirit is Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance."

THE BISHOP OF LEWES ON T.T.C.'S WORK AS AN EXAMINING CHAPLAIN

It was on my appointment as Examining Chaplain to Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Chichester, in 1903, that I first met Theodore Churton, and our acquaintance ripened before long into the closest friendship.

Theodore Churton was in many ways a unique personality. He was unlike other men in the indefinable atmosphere which surrounded him, and which exerted an influence upon all who came in contact with him. He possessed a joyousness of spirit, a power of realising all the happiness of existence, a delight in nature and in humanity, which brought him into living sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men, a youthfulness of heart which remained with him until the end.

But it is of his work as Examining Chaplain that I would now speak.

A cultured scholar, with a most accurate and retentive memory, well read in the Early Fathers and the English divines, a Catholic in views and sympathies, he was in all respects fully qualified for the post of examiner.

It was to those who worked with him a matter of astonishment to see how quickly he would elucidate some difficulty in a candidate's answer to a question in an examination paper. He seemed to probe right into the mind of the candidate and to grasp his point

of view, no matter how unexpected it might be. Over and over again, puzzled and perplexed, I have referred a question to him, to find that the solution was perhaps a misinterpretation of a footnote, given perhaps in some commentary which his retentive memory had preserved, or a misunderstanding of the true meaning of some Greek word or phrase.

He would read the answer through and then sit silent for some minutes, and then burst into ringing laughter —such laughter!—how good it was to hear! And then the explanation would follow and the solving of the mystery.

Though so rich in knowledge, he was the humblest of men, and no candidate was ever made to wince by any critical or cynical words of his. If he had to correct, or to point out mistakes, it was with a tenderness which made even failures bearable.

It was his custom to interview the candidates who were taking the subjects in which he was examining, and to go through their papers with them. This gave him an opportunity of getting to know them personally, and also of judging of their education, their knowledge, their earnestness, and their views on many matters. It was also an opportunity for giving them much valuable advice.

Before the Ordination at Chichester, it was the Bishop's custom to hold a retreat from Thursday evening until the Ordination on the following Sunday. During these days addresses were given in the chapel by some preacher appointed for the purpose by the Bishop, and between the services the Examining Chaplains had opportunities for seeing the candidates and helping them with counsel and advice. The palace garden was at our disposal, and very many happy hours were spent in those beautiful grounds by examiners and candidates in conversation on the deep

things of God. It was at such times that the full value of Theodore Churton's powers were seen and felt. To a young man entering Holy Orders the time of ordination is a most solemn and impressive one, a time for serious self-examination and spiritual struggle. At no time in life does a young man require more sympathy or understanding friendship. This Theodore Churton was able to give in a very marked degree.

He attached the candidates to himself instinctively. He won their confidence at once. He received their confessions, listened to their fears and perplexities, strengthened them with new courage, led them up to higher things, gave them great ideals for their work and ministerial duties. He encouraged them in every way, and by his sympathy caused each candidate to set out on his new journey refreshed and inspired.

Theodore Churton's great gifts as a musician were frequently made use of at the retreat services, and many will recall his sympathetic touch on the organ and the deep feeling with which he played.

To me a revelation of his inner life was given when, on the night before each Ordination, we passed some time together in intercession for the candidates. Then he would bring the needs of the candidates, one by one, before the Throne of Grace, and, in the language of the soul, plead for their welfare. The preacher, the Chaplains, the Bishop, each would have their place in those prayers, and one learned by a great experience what intercession could mean.

A most lovable character, showing forth in action the unseen realities on which his whole life was based, witnessing by his gentleness, his control of words, his charity in judgment, his wide tolerance and hopefulness for all, to the power of the Holy Spirit within him, he influenced the young men who came under his care far beyond what words can say.

"He, being dead, yet speaketh"—yes, speaketh by *their* lips to-day—by the lessons they learned from his character and example, by the living memory of a beautiful and saintly life.

Two letters written to Ordination candidates are appended, as they express admirably in Theodore Churton's own words his outlook on that life upon which the candidates were entering. These letters speak for themselves; they give us a true insight into the mind of a man who lived in close communion with God.

To P. S. D. at the time of his Ordination to the Diaconate.

BEXHILL RECTORY,
May 31st, 1912.

MY DEAREST PERCY,

This is the last letter I shall address to you as P. S. D., Esq. I remember how strange it looked when on the evening of my Ordination Day I received a note addressed to me as "The Rev." And it is a pity that the strangeness of the sense of half-surprise and half-fear, mingled with wonder and humble pride and thankfulness, and the strange thrill of realising that the title *means* that we are to be really worthy of *reverence* (and not merely respect) because of our Ordination, should ever be obliterated or lost.

You will have had many helps and great advantage these last few days at Bishopsthorpe, and you will never forget it all. But *the* best and most lasting memory is the "Take thou authority," and the *act* of Ordination. We can always look back to that, in spite of weaknesses and failure, and be quite sure that St. Paul's words are true to the end of time: "Who is sufficient for these things?" and he answers his own question ἱκάνωσεν ἡμᾶς διακόνους, "He *did* empower us

to be deacons," and our ἱκανότης "is of God;" our "sufficiency" in the *old* meaning of the word, *not* barely enough power, but power overflowing and more than enough to meet our needs, known and unknown. So that in the years to come we need only to "stir up the Grace of God *which is in us* by the laying on of hands." God bless you my dearest P. with all blessings in your own soul and life, and so make you a blessing to countless souls in years to come.

With much love.

Ever yours affectionately,
T. T. CHURTON.

To P. S. D. at the Time of his Ordination to the Priesthood.

BEXHILL RECTORY,
May 9th, 1913.

MY DEAREST P.,

Though I am in bed with "flu" (the worst is over, and it hasn't been such a bad attack this time), I must write you a line to assure you that we shall not forget you, especially on Sunday week. People don't always realise—and by 'people' I mean deacons as well as lay-folk—what a great advance it is from the diaconate to the priesthood.

One naturally thinks so much of "being ordained"—*i.e.*, as Deacon; one bids adieu to coloured ties and such like vanities, and there is nothing to distinguish the Priest from the Deacon as he walks about his parish. But the real *inner* distinction is tremendously great. I'm not sure if I ever told you how when, years ago, I visited Mount Athos, a Greek hermit, knowing I was an English priest, grasped my hand, and said: "God be with thee, thou priest of the Most High God"; and that title, ἱερεὺς ὑψίστου θεοῦ, has ever since struck me as the best possible reminder of what one should

try to be and do, remembering our vocation to the priesthood. To offer sacrifice and to bless, not merely —though that is, indeed, great and mysterious beyond all thought—to represent at the altar the only sacrifice that ever has and ever can redeem and save, but also to offer *with* that the sacrifice more and more whole-hearted of our own life, and so to be more and more truly ἱερεὺς ὑψίστου θεοῦ, and so through self-sacrifice to bless.

Much love.

Yours most affectionately,
T. T. CHURTON.

To J. L. S. on his Ordination to the Priesthood.

May 31st, 1901.

DEAR S.,

Daily, and often in the day, have my thoughts turned to you, and I must send you a few earnest wishes for Sunday. As we have so often taught our children at Icklesham, the twofold duty and privilege of the priesthood is to offer sacrifice and to bless. And this, first in its narrowest and literal sense, is, indeed, the highest honour God has given to us His unworthy servants.

I hope our daily Eucharist may never deaden in us the sense of awe and the reverence of heart and voice and manner which should accompany the pleading before God of the one perfect and sufficient sacrifice, They used to say of Lacordaire that you would always imagine him to be celebrating for the first time, since familiarity with that holy service never dulled but rather deepened his reverence. And then, next to this, what greater honour than to be, as the angels were, the bearers from God to man of the gracious message of blessing, "The peace of God which passeth all

understanding,"—a form of blessing only to be used at the Holy Eucharist, which is the "extension of the Incarnation," the perpetuating of the first message of "peace on earth."

And these two thoughts widen out as we think of them as personally applying to ourselves. The whole life of us whom God has called to the priesthood is just this ideally, and may he help us to attain to *something* of the spirit of it:

1. A life of *self*-sacrifice in union with the perfect sacrifice, *independently of any love or thanks* ("most gladly will I spend and be spent for you, even though the more I love you the less I am loved by you"); and

2. A life of blessing, not so much, perhaps, *consciously*, but being (without the clumsiness of conscious effort) a blessing, by being what God meant us to be in our own life.

God bless you.

Yours ever affectionately,

T. T. Churton.

LETTERS TO A PUPIL, TO HIS FATHER, AND TO E. L. VAUGHAN

Letter from Colonel G—— accompanying the following letters, which were written to him when he was a boy and young man, by T. T. C.

Mr. Churton stood to me, in the years when my own father was away in India, *in loco parentis*, and I owe him a debt of gratitude which nothing can ever repay, and these letters are not only full evidence of that, but they have been to me such a strengthening through life as, perhaps, he himself may not have known.

In after years, when we occasionally met to gather up the threads that had of necessity dropped for awhile, I always had the feeling that what he had done for me he was doing for countless others, and knew with certainty that he was exercising an ever-widening spiritual influence, which made his worth in the world such as is beyond estimating.

My memories of him go back to the early eighties, when I, as a boy of twelve, was at a preparatory school where he was a master. Many memories come into my mind as I write, but all are small, homely things dear to the mind and heart of man, but nothing which can do justice to his work or influence among boys or men. For his methods were homely, and it was always his object to step outside the normal relationship of master and pupil and get nearer to the heart of his boys. Boyish delinquencies and his ever-patient

earnest reprovings! How we tried his patience to the utmost! I think it was the sense he engendered in all his pupils that nothing could diminish his solicitude for their welfare which was at the back of his influence with them. Happy Sunday evenings with his class in his rooms, and the sound of his voice, reading books which would appeal to them without too much instructing. Choir practices and choir treats. How well he knew what boys loved! Unforgettable visits to Icklesham which still hold their spell over me. I am afraid I have never adequately shown to him or to his sisters my appreciation of their kindness to me in those days.

Tramps round the parish with him paying visits, that alone was a liberal education.

As I look back, I can see that his relationship with his parishioners was such as it is given to few men to maintain. His loving thought and care knew no bounds. His was, indeed, a cure of souls. How shadowy are our memories!

All the details of his strivings with us, his exhortations, his gladness, his happy laughter, are swamped in an abiding sense of his enormous influence for good.

March 17th, 1887.

I don't think I have ever told you how very glad I was to think you had come out so high in the examination. I *did* just tell you so, but I want you to think of it as a proof that you *can* get to the top of the tree if you like. How you work now may decide the amount of your success afterwards. There are few things which would give me so much real delight as to know that you had distinguished yourself. That you *can* is certain.

The tone of the fellows at Woolwich is, I believe, as a rule, higher than in many public schools. But

you must expect to see and hear much that you have been taught to regard as questionable and bad regarded as harmless and pardonable. It is hard to side with a few against the many, harder still to be friendly with fellows of low aims without imperceptibly growing *ourselves* contented with a lower level. Then what is to be done? I should say—associate freely with all, except the very few who are distinctly bad; keep utterly aloof from *them;* and among the rest simply be true to yourself; make yourself looked up to, you will be popular; popularity itself is a danger, but not if you are simply true to your own self.

I cannot write to you as I could wish; besides, various Lent sermons I have to preach in different places this week I am in other ways unusually busy, and most of the day I have been struggling with neuralgia. How I should like to be able for one moment to grasp your hand and to look into your face, and tell you how constantly I shall be thinking of you and praying for you, my dearest boy, that God may indeed be with you to keep you safe and to strengthen you in your new life and to be to you a real and cheering Friend, enabling you to go from strength to strength, a power, not only to keep you right, but also to help you *consciously* (for consciousness, reflection, reason, come in now, and you must do more *yourself* towards carrying on the work and sustaining the growth) to develop all the powers of body and mind and spirit with which He has endowed you.

September 20th, 1887.

I am delighted to think that you have got up to ninth in your term. It is really capital; and I expect you must have worked harder than you own. At any rate, it shows what you can do; and if you *really* work

now, why shouldn't you be in the first five, or even in the first three, or actually at the top of the tree, at the end of your first year? You have great abilities, *mon ami*, and I expect you are hardly aware even yet what an infinite gain it will be to you for all your life if you make the best use of them.

From something that your mother said the last time I saw her I gathered that you had felt troubled at certain things at Woolwich. It is a desolating and sickening feeling to be for months together in an atmosphere of moral poison, where all that is profane and coarse and low seems to go unchallenged. I have known what this is at school. I don't know how bad it is at Woolwich. The tone may be worse than usual. But you must not be discouraged. Very likely the deliberately bad are fewer than you think—fewer and less powerful for evil in the place. Wickedness is noisy and loud, and loudness conveys an impression of strength and numbers, while those whose hearts are set against the prevailing evil seem few and weak, and so things seem much worse than they are. Good friends are a great help. The thought of home is another. Some fellows talk and live as if the home ideal of duty and purity was a delusion and an absurdity, as if recklessness was manliness, and a crop of wild oats the proper thing, at a certain stage in life, for everyone. They will most of them be wiser some day. Many a fellow in later life comes back to his boyish ideal of right and wrong; even the worst have some spark of good, and God can restore their souls, but I doubt whether they can ever entirely efface the effects of past deliberate sin, or win back the freshness of spirit which is God's best gift to those who "have kept themselves undefiled," who have not been unmindful of their mother's prayers and their own past good desires.

That you have felt troubled is a token of this Divine keeping, and a sign that you are growing in strength of character. This is just what you wanted at one time. May God keep you always from thinking lightly of evil, a delusion which will vanish from the spell of Christ's presence if you invoke it. You are not alone, you will help to influence the place for good, especially if you work and take a high position; and I am sure that there are at least a hundred fellows besides yourself who *at heart* are as thoroughly sick of the poison in the air as you are.

"Frater carissime," dearest to me of all my old boys, may God bless you now and always: "Custodiat Dominus introitum tuum et exitum tuum," the beginning and the end of this new term.

August 26th, 1888.

You will see by the above address that I am extending my holiday northward. I have been nearly a week in this quiet old country house, staying with my cousins, the Lovedays. Arlescote is deep in the country; it is an Elizabethan house, with long passages, oak wainscot, old family pictures, and a splendid library, and I have very much enjoyed the rare treat of this quiet time I have had for reading.

It is a pretty and interesting place; the garden, with its trim yew hedges, its grass paths, its old-fashioned flowers, and its terraces, is quite in keeping with the house, and the neighbourhood is famous as the site of the Battle of Edge Hill in 1642.

Your letter reached me last Monday. It certainly is a very short notice for Malta; and even if you had come to us for a day or two I should have felt guilty and selfish in appropriating you during these last few precious and busy days. And much as I should have liked to have had you for one more quiet Sunday at

Icklesham, and to have given you once more the Sacrament with my own hand, before a good-bye that must be for long, yet it is best as it is. I should have found it hard to say by word of mouth anything likely to have been helpful to you; it is not everyone who can "heave his heart into his mouth," and in the last few days you have spent at home you will have been gaining and treasuring up far more than you could have done elsewhere.

So here I am trying to write you a good-bye, to supplement the bare good-bye we said at Guildford, and to gather up in some way the threads of the recollections of the many happy hours we have spent together—the Sunday evenings at St. Leonards; at Eastbourne, in walks and rides over the downs; on the river, at Arundel and Bury; at Chichester; and in and round about Icklesham; expeditions to the sea and elsewhere, succeeded by the still, fragrant, summer evening spent in pleasant talk under the jasmine arches in the garden.

All this sounds very much like "the listless joy of summer shades," of which Keble bids us beware. And, in truth, I am driven to ask myself, in all seriousness, how far I have been true to the sacred trust which was committed to me when I felt that you had become all that you have become to me, not only the most intimate, but also the dearest to me, by far the dearest, of all my "old boys." With the exception of a few serious words spoken or written at rare intervals, how very little real help I have ever tried to give you!

And yet perhaps here, too, it is best as it is. "No man may deliver his brother," still less force his own type of religious thought upon him. God alone is our true Teacher. And that help is best which, sought or unsought, comes direct from Him, since that alone can be exactly suited to our need. We know next to

nothing of the inner life of the soul of those we love the best. God alone knows all, so He alone can be our true Friend, our true Helper; and He alone is always near us to direct, and to warn, and to comfort, and to help. Only keep watchful, "that His light in thy heart may not grow dim," and His guiding voice will be to you not only a voice, but a real and living power.

The one great central good I desire for you and for myself, the one foundation need for us all, from which all else that is good is sure to come, is *godliness*, a word that is in reality far removed from all the sickly sentimentalism that has clustered round it, for in reality to be godly is simply this—to be always conscious of the presence of God. And the often-quoted, "Thou God seest me," was first spoken as a comfort and help in difficulty, rather than a warning in temptation. It is really the same as, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;" "My Presence shall go with thee." May that strong Presence go with you, and everything will prosper with you; every other good will follow, all else is detail.

How little I know what your real difficulties will be in your new life. And yet I think I can foresee this—much will be new and strange, and you will be often required to give a prompt decision, where perhaps at present you will feel the want of experience. Here comes in a "detail." Grasp the central belief—God is with you; if you are in doubt what to do, lift up your heart in a momentary voiceless prayer to that Presence, and in all great matters it is certain that you will "have a right judgment" and will not go wrong. Here is another "detail." "He dwelleth *with* you and shall be *in* you." Herein lies the meaning of receiving the Sacrament. Don't be afraid of going often to the Holy Communion. For there the "power of the end-

less life" of Jesus Christ is renewed, not merely *with* us, but *in* us. And you will find it so.

One more "detail" occurs to me. You are more than likely, you are sure, to meet with two types of men who practically say "there is no God." First, there is "the fool," who says so "in his *heart*"—*i.e.*, whose *heart* and life are wrong, who therefore *wishes* to get rid of the thought of the Presence—who will tell you gaily and confidently that in the army it is ridiculous to think of keeping pure; that, in a hot climate especially, few keep perfectly sober or perfectly chaste. You must expect to meet this sort of man, but you will not be careful to answer him, for to you the Presence is a reality that you can neither dare nor bear to forget.

Then you will meet the thoughtful clever man, whose unbelief is not of the heart, but of the head. You will meet with puzzling questions about the Bible, about the very foundations of Christianity, about the very existence of a good and wise God. This man, too, you will not be careful to answer.

"Honest doubt" is to be met by a good life rather than by a good argument. "If any man do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." At the same time, if any definite difficulty should be suggested to you and you feel puzzled, write to me about it perfectly freely and openly if you think I could help you.

I am away from towns and shops, and I don't know whether I shall be able to get a little volume of Mrs. Browning's poems, which I want to send you, not only because I like many of them, but also especially because one of them (p. 136) entitled "A Valediction," puts into words a great deal that I should like to say to you. If I can't get one, I will send you my own old copy.

I must end my letter. You know what good-bye

means. Some superstitious people don't like the word, and say that "good-bye" means that you will never see one another again. But good-bye means something much better than that. It means "God be with you;" "The Lord be with you." It is the priest's prayer for the people; and as in answer the people pray for him, "And with thy spirit," so will you, I know, my dearest . . . sometimes pray for me, who always pray for you, and who now pray from my heart that God's Fatherly Hand may ever be over you, and His Holy Spirit ever be with you.

October 23rd, 1888.

If you can go through it all (and you remember Kant's splendid saying, "I *must*, and therefore I *can*") —and perhaps just now will be the hottest and worst time for you—you will be strengthened permanently in character, for (as old Mr. Vaughan once said to me) holiness is above innocence, and you will know the meaning of that verse "we went through fire and water, and Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place," "eduxisti nos in *refrigerium*"—a time of peace and calm refreshing—the very smile of God. God be with you.

February 18th, 1892.

You will not, I know, be thinking me forgetful of you or indifferent for writing at first so briefly and inadequately as I did in answer to a letter for which I thank you from my heart for writing to me. And I thank God for all this that you are going through, severe and painful training as it is; for (as I said), far from being any token of His displeasure, it seems to me to be rather a sign of the special care He bestows on certain souls especially dear to Him, and especially capable if they can stand the strain of being fashioned

(to use St. Paul's metaphor) into a cup to slake the thirst of God, a comparison too deep and awful for us to fathom entirely (and I almost shrink from quoting it when I remember how thoughtlessly and glibly that passage is sometimes quoted), but yet one which I may quote to you, and send you to Browning's magnificent poem, "Rabbi Ben Ezra," for the working out of that thought of St. Paul's, a poem to which my mind at once turned as likely to be a help to you, as it has often been to me. Do you know it? The main thought is that this life is only the beginning, and the test is not so much what we have *done*, and not even what we *are*, but what in our heart of hearts we want to be.

> "Then welcome each rebuff
> That turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids nor stand nor sit,
> but go!
> Be our joy three-parts pain!
> Strive, and hold cheap the strain:
> Learn, nor account the pang: dare, never
> grudge the throe!"

But the whole poem, though parts are crabbed and difficult—very "Browningesque"—is full of fresh air and fresh strength. I am ordering you a copy of the little book of 'Selections' containing it; possibly you have it, in that case you can send it back to me.

I have often thought that the amount of time at the disposal of every officer must be a real trial in the literal sense of the word, sifting out men's characters into those who have some aim besides pleasure and those who have not. Men in business, men in any other profession—*e.g.*, barristers, doctors, and clergymen—have their time, as a rule, very fully occupied, so that (without any credit to themselves whatever, since they can't help it) their pleasures and amusements have to take a very subordinate place. You are free to

choose, as few others are ; and I knew, without your telling me, that there was nothing to fear on the most important point—of the bitter cup of pleasure that is sinful in itself you have not tasted ; in whatever way others may attempt to excuse themselves, you have never said to yourself that it is impossible to keep pure. Every time I have seen you during these last three years (sadly seldom as it has been) I have come away cheered by this knowledge, and feeling bound to you in a closer and stronger bond of friendship and affection than ever. And in all these matters we must keep our conscience intellectually clear, and not reproach ourselves as if self-pleasing, which tastes even to excess of lawful pleasures, was a sin almost as deep as the other. It is not ; though (as you feel) it predisposes one's nature to the other, and the sense that it is so, and that imperceptibly the keenness of one's moral vision may be blunted by a constant round of even lawful pleasure is, I suspect, what you are feeling. But the very dread of being drawn even near the precipice is surely a thing to be thankful for. You see others fearless of what your own heart (as well as your education and home influence) teaches you to be a horrible and cruel sin, however it may be veneered over with the polish of what seems cultured and gentlemanly, but what is in its inmost nature identical with all the abominable and hideous grossness which shocked you and from which you stood aloof at Woolwich. They seem to sin fearlessly and lightly ; but how do you know that among some of them at least the knowledge that *you* have not given way may not be the one door of hope for a return ? Conscience, even the conscience of men who have not had the training *and the mother* that you have, is a very hardy perennial ; and I suspect that the sin that "every one" takes for granted as a necessity brings in very nearly, if not

quite, every case a bitter loathing and self-reproach, which their gentlemanly and gracefully airy nonchalance is really only a pitiful and piteous attempt to conceal from themselves and from each other. Oh, Frank, thank God that through the influences of a good home He has saved you from such a character as that! You do not know how much you may be unconsciously helping them. "No man liveth to himself," and to you and me and to all in any position of trust the call comes, clear and inspiring, "For their sakes I sanctify Myself."

But perhaps you are feeling that this is rather beside the point. Your trouble is that you cannot, though you would, do anything different from the usual round of amusing yourself, and "killing time," as it is called with pitiful accuracy, does not satisfy you, though it satisfies others, who do their duty perhaps even more energetically than you do. Don't be too full of self-reproach on this last point; if we are filled with self-dissatisfaction, and feel ourselves to be missing the mark, all our work must suffer. And yet, would you like to be satisfied, and to have no desire to be different? Not only have you escaped the worst, but you desire the best. Surely this is a certain and reassuring proof that God's Fatherly Hand is still as ever over you, and His Holy Spirit with you. You say you cannot lift your hand, however much you wish it, to anything better. But only try, and with the effort comes the power, as of old. You know best what you could do, and do best; but I think it should be on one of these three lines, or perhaps a combination of them: (i.) Something likely to be of use to you professionally, as you suggest. Some new study, such as geology, or, *e.g.*, more advanced German or French reading; for preference I should suggest something scientific, or some hobby not entirely bookish, since

one so easily gives over "mugging" over a book indoors, and something that requires quickness of hand and eye, even if it is only quickness of observation. Turning, woodcarving, or even the much despised fretwork, or anything that produces some tangible result as one's own handiwork. Choose *something*, and stick to it manfully when once you see it to be feasible. And then (you won't think of this as a too clerical suggestion?), I should say, (ii.) Why not do something for the men? You already are answerable in a certain sense for their well-being. Is there nothing in the way of a soldiers' institute or reading-room that you could take an interest in, or help to set on foot if none such exists? or entertainments to help organise, or anything that would interest the men, and so help to keep them out of mischief? I don't know who is your chaplain, but if he is a decent fellow he would only be too thankful to suggest something to you, and to be helped by you. If it is an Irish regiment, and the men Roman Catholic, and under the spiritual charge of a Roman priest, I don't see that that need matter in what is called purely "secular" help, though all is really a religious work. All this *may* be impossible for you, and it may be ignorant of me to suggest anything of the kind. But I think there is nothing so effectual in helping one out of morbid depression and introspection as trying to lend a helping hand to someone else. In this, believe me, I can personally and heartily sympathise with you, for I, too, often aspire and regret and purpose and form high ideals, and, alas! fall piteously short of what I plan and desire and want to be and to do. But the only thing is to try again, and not despair. If we only try, we often do better than we feared we should. Or (iii.) could you and would you prefer to undertake any kind of work in the town? There are no doubt

in Cork as elsewhere countless clubs, night schools, men's institutes, boys' guilds, and the like, only too anxious to get helpers, say for one or two nights in the week. I knew the late, but don't know the present Dean of Cork; but if the cathedral seems to you in any sense a spiritual home, I should, if this approves itself to you, go to one of the cathedral clergy, and ask to be set on to do something somewhere, and not only will you enjoy doing something, but they will be most grateful to you for your help.

What you do is comparatively unimportant; but choose out at once *something* to do, either for yourself or others or (best of all) for *both*, and your "inner consciousness" will probably suggest to you something far better than my feeble proposals, and then *do* it with any amount of pluck and determination.

And having chosen what you will do, seal your resolve—you will, I know, without the need of such a hint—with an earnest prayer. Pray that God would bless this time of questioning and self-reproach to you, so that it may be a time fruitful, not in vain regrets, but in strong and effectual resolve, that He may fashion and use you as a cup whereby He may quench the thirst He has for the lasting good of the souls that He has made and loves—souls that may be, as it were, spilt and wasted if the Cup is broken. And you will not be unmindful of that other Cup, "the Chalice of the Grapes of God," whereby the life of Him who is the Life is given to us, unworthy as we are, to purify and raise and strengthen our poor and wasted and weak lives, that sometimes seem all longing and no effort. But "when I am weak, then am I strong." "Out of weakness were made strong" is, I suspect, the secret, not only of the lives of "the Saints," but of every life that has not been an utter failure.

When you have the time to write, I shall be so glad

to hear from you. How I wish you were nearer! It seems so very long since I last saw you.

April 11th, 1901.

We should love to show you our new home, which is quite spacious and palatial after dear old homely Icklesham. Fortunately, the rectory and its gardens and grounds are still untouched by the onward and devastating march of bricks and mortar, and the place is still a delightful bit of unspoilt country, on the verge of the juvenile and (like juveniles) very-much-pleased-with-itself town. Lawns and trees, and birds singing cheerily, and a little further off a charming old-fashioned kitchen-garden, with vinery and greenhouse, all solace my still rustic breast for the loss of the old home.

People here are very friendly and kind, though the slums are of the slummiest—real emigrations from Whitechapel come south for the railway-making and the building.

To his Father.

March 28th, 1878.

I hope certainly to come to the choral festival meeting at Rye to-morrow evening, and to try to support the proposal to have for the anthem "The Lord is my Shepherd," and, if possible, to bring forward Elvey. As to that melancholy line, I entreat you, "Padre carissimo," not to bring about its fulfilment by going breakfastless to-morrow! Surely we may have a voice in the matter of your weakening yourself like this! Charles—or John—Wesley said that if he *knew* he were going to die in the night, he should say just the same prayers and eat his supper just the same and go to bed just the same as usual. We laymen have much more need to remember Horace's wonderful

advice "Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum." I must now prepare for choir practice. "Per te deos oro"—don't starve yourself.

St. Leonard's School,
St. Leonards,
May 17th, 1878.

I will give you an account of the club day, as if I don't begin a letter to-night I shan't be able to send you one by the early post to-morrow. Everything has gone, I think, capitally. I left here at eleven o'clock, and reached Icklesham, walking, just in time to hear Mr. ——'s sermon, which was a capital plain and forcible discourse on "Consider the ant," etc. I saw and spoke to several of the men after church, and was flattered by old ——'s wanting me to take the chair at the dinner. . . . We had time for a quiet tea before the men came, which they did at about 6.30, headed by the band. About fifty came, and the tea and everything was excellent; they ate and drank as usual. The band was a volunteer band from Battle, a very good one; they gave us a song. After tea I made them a speech. I hope you won't think me very complaisant if I try to tell you what I said. I began by telling them how sorry I was that our father and you were away, and that he was so ill that we hadn't let him know of club day lest he should try and hurry home in his weak state. Then I said that, though it was a bad thing for young people to give advice to their elders, yet I hoped they would let me say a few words about their system of sharing out. Mr. —— had mentioned it in his sermon, and I reminded them that Elijah had also expressed his dissatisfaction thereat. "It is a pity," I said, "that people should come and find fault in our club's management; and I have heard an honorary member say that he thought the honorary members

would cease to subscribe if their money went into the pockets of healthy and strong men. You are, I am sure, too manly and independent," I said, "to wish for charity when in good health, and remember that next year you may be less prosperous than this." I then told them the story of the gypsies, a wandering tribe who came 2,000 years ago and danced and sang before the king of Egypt, and pleased him so much that he gave them land and seed and ploughs. At the end of the year they came before him all in rags, and told him they had made the seed into loaves and burnt up their ploughs to bake them. The King was angry, and said: "Like the butterflies, you have lived without thought of the morrow, and like butterflies you shall wander over the face of the earth." And the gypsies have been wanderers ever since. A Happy Year to you, and here's ten shillings subscriptions to the funds. Good-bye! They laughed heartily at the story.

St. Leonard's School,
St. Leonards,
September 25th, 1878.

I have secured help for the next Sunday. —— is here, and before I asked him he said he should like to go over to see you; and when I told him of Sunday's need he was more willing to go. I met him this afternoon in the Archery Gardens, where there is going on a three days' festival to the goddess Λαυντέννις. The games are divided into three sets or *μόρια*, and in them the combatants are disposed according to their proficiency in the art, which consists in driving a *σφαῖρα* over a thin partition called a *δίκτυον* so that it shall fall within boundaries called λῖνες. If the ball falls outside the λῖνες, it is called *ἀρδλῖνες*.

There were present also many women, for here women are not excluded from the games, as in some

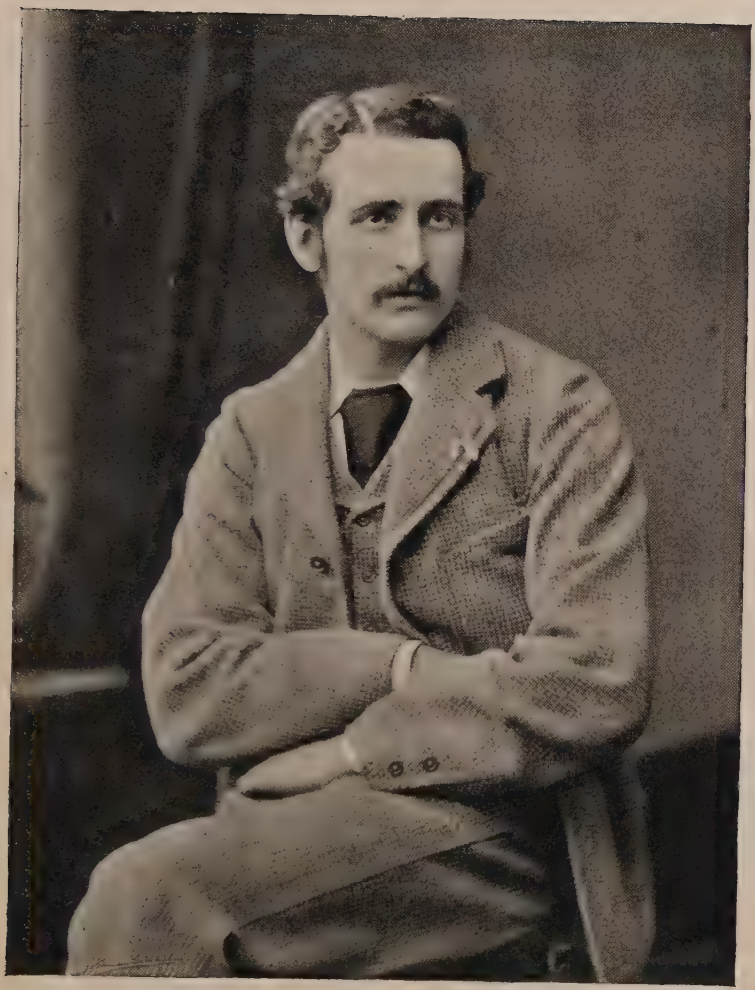

Photo by Thomas, Hastings.

THEODORE CHURTON, ÆT. 22.

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Greek States; indeed they even take part in them equally with the men. In each μόριον I saw an equal number of men and women contending, two men and two women in each μόριον. There I also observed a great number of youths, dressed mostly in black, which is the festival colour usually worn in this city by the male part of the population. In an interval of the games and also at the end I noticed a large concourse of people in a side temple, one side of which was open to the air, with pillars of wood. When I asked of a bystander what it meant, I was informed that they were engaged in the worship of a goddess called Τῆ. This Τῆ is of Eastern origin, and her cultus has steadily increased in the country during the last two centuries. In many houses, indeed, she is worshipped at sunrise and sunset every day all the year round. The festival in her honour is called Τήπαρτι. Others, however, neglecting the worship of Τῆ, and never going to the Τήπαρτι, are devoted adherents to the native god Βῆρ, and his temple the Βηροῦς. The Βηροῦς is fullest on Saturday nights. What utter bosh!

NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD,
December 12th, 1878.

The degrees are over, and I am beginning to realise that I am quite an ancient member of the University, being now no longer "in statu pupillari." There were about twenty men who took their M.A. this morning. We stood before the Vice-Chancellor, after being presented by the Deans of our respective colleges, and one of the Proctors made a speech to us in Latin, asking us if we would use our votes in Convocation conscientiously, to which each of us replied, "Do fidem." Then we drew near, six at a time, and knelt before the Vice-Chancellor, who admitted us to our degrees in a form beginning, "In honorem Domini

nostri Jesu Christi," and ending, "In nomine," etc., laying a Bible upon our heads as he pronounced the last words. Then we unrobed and donned our M.A. gowns.

GASTHOF POST, NASSEREIT,
Friday Evening, August 22nd, 1884.

We have been seeing and doing so much during the last few days that I hardly know what to choose to tell you about. At any rate, here we are for to-night in a pleasant and clean old country inn, with long passages, whose groined roofs echo like a church, and with a quaint bow window over the archway that looks as if it was going to lead you into a courtyard, but really leads to a fine staircase with carved wooden balusters. This place is at the entrance to the narrow valley in which Partenkirchen stands, and in every direction there are to be seen steep mountains. But we are beyond the reach of snow here, after several days' experience of glaciers and snow-fields at the beginning of the week. On Monday we climbed the Schalfkögl from Ober Gurgl, 11,600 feet, high and came down to a hut overlooking two glaciers, the "Sanmoar" hut, where I wrote a letter to Alice, which I hope she has received, as it was a good long one; but in those remote places the post only goes out once in two days, and I entrusted the letter to a servant maid at Vent, a mountain village where we spent an hour on Tuesday on the way to the Hochjoch Hospice, where we slept that night. The Hospice is on the edge of one glacier, and overlooks another whence the glacier river "rolls the torrent forth from dusky doors" literally—as it issues from a dark cavern of ice, and goes down a valley which is very bare and desolate, because 100 years ago, or less, it was half filled by a glacier. The next morning we meant to have gone up the Weisskügel, but it was so snowy and misty that we crossed the

"Hochjoch" instead, with our two guides, to Kurzras. And we were both of us glad that the bad weather *did* lead us there. Kurzras is little more than an inn and a few cottages at the head of a valley, but in the evening we had supper in the same room with the guides and the poor people of the inn, and before supper they all stood up and said grace together—the Lord's Prayer (in German) and something besides. They always do so, it seems; out loud, and together, when alone, or with few strangers present; but otherwise in silence and secretly. We also saw on the front door this inscription: "Gelobt sei Jesus Christus;" and on one of the bedroom doors was this:

Beim frühen Morgenlicht
Erwacht mein Herz und spricht
Gelobt sei Jesus Christus
In Gottes heilgem Haus
Wollt ich mit Freuden aus (?)
Gelobt sei Jesus Christus.

And another verse, almost illegible. Is this the original of the hymn "When morning gilds the skies"? The whole of the Tyrol, and that valley particularly, is full of religious symbolism. Even on their aprons and washing-tubs they have the letters of the Sacred Name, I H S. And we saw a field of flax reaped in such a way that the yellow stalks lay in nine circles, and in the innermost circle was the same device; so:

In the afternoon we walked down the valley to Carthaus, a ruined monastery, I suppose of the Carthusians. Yesterday we again tried to ascend the Weisskügel, but a snow-storm drove us back, and from snow and ice and bitter cold we descended into sunshine and summer and the sight and smell of new-mown hay. I hope to write again soon. Best love to all.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS WERE WRITTEN TO E. L. VAUGHAN.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
February 11th, 1875.

I might just as well have been at Oxford this term. I had taken lodgings in the same house with ——; he tells me that my rooms are occupied this term by two tradesmen, who do nothing but smoke all day, so I expect my lodgings will not be in a very inviting condition when I come up, especially as tobacco is a commodity the nature of which "tends to assimilate itself approximately" to that of the social position of the consumer. However, I have more time for getting through some solid reading as I am free from essays and lectures. . . . I have lately begun to make my first attempt at tutorising; my pupil is a small boy who comes over from Winchelsea thrice a week to be instructed in the mysteries of Latin grammar and of Balbus and his wall.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
September 7th, 1875.

Things go on here very much the same as usual, which is a good thing for me with Greats staring me in the face. My father is still looking out for a curate; he has lately been having to help him on Sundays Mr. ——, the Abyssinian captive, a very clever and pleasant man; he seemed, however, very reluctant to speak about Abyssinia, although he was persuaded to give a lecture on Sunday evening about his mission and captivity. He speaks very good English. We took him to see the hop-picking (which has just begun), and he expressed his surprise at what he called the doleful way in which English people work, doing their work in silence instead of singing at their work as the Germans do in the vineyards. I am afraid, though,

that the English people, at all events the Sussex people, are not sufficiently musical; I don't think they would sing, even if it made them feel more contented, unless you proved to them that it actually enabled them to pick more bushels of hops in a given time. However, *μουσική* is now compulsory as well as *γυμναστική* in elementary schools, so that perhaps in a few years it will be better.

Icklesham Vicarage,
January 12th, 1876.

Thank you very much for your letter and sympathy with me in the matter of Greats. Though before the examination began I had looked forward to a class higher, I knew before it was over that I had failed more than I had anticipated, so that I was scarcely surprised with my place in the list when it appeared. Still, I confess that I cannot help feeling disappointed and dissatisfied with myself, for I think I might have done better, and there is no one to blame but myself, for I am afraid I haven't given my whole mind to the work. I have, I fear, read in a scatter-brained way, trusting to get a clearer view of my work at some future time, a time which never came. And, besides this, such things as my going on week-day evenings to play the organ at St. Frideswide's, I now see, and might have seen before, to be a most foolish distraction. However, regrets are very unprofitable, and it is no good to do as the Mayor of Plymouth did in "The Water Babies," and as so many people do, promise to mend their lives only when they think they have no lives left to mend; and I hope the reading will not have been quite lost upon me. At any rate, I am very glad to have read for Greats rather than for any other school. . . .

One of the most prominent features in the character of the Icklesham people is a blunt honesty and "fore-

rightness," as they call it, which refuses to say anything civil for the sake of pleasing anyone whatsoever. It is a characteristic that I think is common to all Sussex people, and one that I have got so to like that I don't know how I should get on, as a curate, with an opposite kind of people. I have always hoped to get a curacy in Sussex, and I hope I shall get one by next Christmas. Till then I should like to get some tutorship, if possible one that would take me abroad for awhile, as most of the travelling as well as most of the general reading which one can hope to get through must be accomplished before beginning work, which allows one but few holidays.

We have been hard at work with our annual church choir concert, which took place last night, after "a substantial supper" the evening before. Except the help of one of our Somersetshire cousins and of the violoncello player of Winchelsea Wesleyan Chapel, the concert was the result of entirely native talent, and was, I think, quite a success. We are going to repeat it to-morrow evening at Rye Harbour for the first time; the proposal to go there is very popular with the choir, especially with the boys.

My father is still without a curate; there are so many more curacies than curates. —— of Trinity could not have been further from the truth than he was when in his Greats *viva voce* (he took up political economy) on being asked "Why are curates so badly paid?" he answered "Because there are too many of them." This answer, though it amused the examiners, did not save him from being ploughed. If you hear of anyone looking out for a country curacy with plenty of walking to be done and "fore-right" people to deal with, perhaps you will think of Icklesham.

St. Leonards School,
St. Leonards,
November 29th, 1880.

I see no other means of doing good than by being ordained and taking to a parish, when it becomes advisable to give up schoolmastering. But for this I think ordination ought not to be put off as a last resource. Yet, as you know, I hesitate to be ordained for many reasons, and one's difficulties become the more insoluble as one goes into them in thought or reads the ordinarily offered solutions of them. It seems as if all the serious thought of the country was intensely in earnest about religion, and yet utterly dissatisfied with any existing form of it, and crying out for more light, some in the deepest yearning, and some in a half-despairing disbelief in the existence of any light at all. And for most of us there seems to come no sound, nor voice of any that answers. All that is heard is a faint and distant hint from somewhere that we are living in a "transitional period," and that all this sorrowful uncertainty and painful yearning is but the travail throes and pains by which great processes of birth and growth are accomplished, bringing in a new and wider and more rational and comprehensive religion. Meanwhile, we of this generation, the parents of this child that is to be, die in childbirth. Who has not felt most of the difficulties so touchingly described by Frederick Harrison and others of his school long before reading the writings of those men? And to whom shall we go for advice? None of the older and wiser school can understand the nature or the extent of our uncertainties; and where can you pick out one of the younger clergy who has painfully grappled with the question and come out strong and sure from the conflict? They are for the most part busy fiddling while Rome is on fire, arguing about a rubric, or

disputing about the colour of a vestment, while the prisoners whom they have been commissioned to set free are dying in the darkness.

St. Leonards School,
St. Leonards,
April 26th, 1882.

Modern Greek is very interesting and amusing. I have just had given me a Guide to Athens, Περιηγήτης Ἀθηνῶν, with very rough woodcuts of old temples and ruins, etc. But I do not see my way at present to go next summer, though —— would willingly release me from my engagement to him. He wants to be in France most of the holidays. By-the-by, —— (whom I met at St. Andrew's) told me an interesting thing that happened when he was in Greece a few years ago and visited Colonus with ——. They came upon a shrine with a figure of the Virgin (I think), or, at any rate, dedicated to the Virgin, as "the Merciful," Τῇ Ἐλαιούσῃ (spelt so), and on asking an old woman there what the inscription meant, the reply was *διότι τὰς ἐλαίας θάλλει*. I am not quite sure of the word *θάλλει* but I think that was the word used. It reminds one of the chorus in "Œdipus Coloneus," and painfully illustrates the partly true statement that the worship of the Virgin took the place and adapted itself to the ideas of the old goddesses to a great extent. From the little that I can hear, I imagine that the Greek Church generally, notwithstanding the beauty of its old liturgies, has little hold upon the people, and falls far short of Arnold's idea of the Christian Church as "an institution for making people Christ-like."

Chichester,
December 21st, 1882.

Christianity is in many points to me still an unfathomable mystery from its appare nt failure as well

as its success; and I do not think that we shall be working in contrary but in parallel lines with each other, τοὺς μὲν ἀποστόλους τοὺς δέ διδασκάλους, but all "for the building up of the Body of Christ" into the "Perfect Man," the *one* object of the Christian Church being to make men Christ-like.

Two comforting texts flashed across my mind just as we were walking down the nave after the service, and one's utter weakness seemed so appalling: "He is Faithful;" "Be thou faithful." Pray for me that I may be. You were often in my mind during the service.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
March 31*st*, 1884.

How one longs for a continuous realisation of the absolute blessedness of entire self-forgetfulness, instead of the occasional glimpses of it as a far-off ordeal, which sometimes shines upon so as to lift us into another world. Do you know Faber's verses on "self-love"?

> "O Lord! that I could waste my life for others,
> With no ends of my own;
> That I could pour myself into my brothers
> And live for them alone!"

And though gratitude and affection are not the οὗ ἕνεκα yet they are the almost certain present reward; and, as I once heard Fearon of Winchester say, in no career so much as in a schoolmaster's does a little sympathy and kindness win so immediate and full a return of gratitude and love. Schoolmasters, too, can take aim; parish clergymen must draw their bow at a venture for the most part.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
May 3*rd*, 1884.

What you say about the need of being lifted from mean and cowardly littlenesses is so very true. One has, beneath it all, a desire to be or to do something

great, a desire which may, alas! subtilely have the miserable effect of making one utterly small and little by thoughts that one is above one's work, or could do better elsewhere, instead of trying to follow out Charles Kingsley's emphatic rhymes:

> "Do the nearest duty,
> Though it's hard at whiles,
> Helping, when we meet them,
> Lame dogs over stiles."

Or, more seriously, it is most hard to keep oneself up to the mark of doing small everyday things in a spirit of thoughtfulness and reverence. The little French motto I bought yesterday at Rouen, which I send you, embodies this thought.

Did I ever tell you of the visit which some New Zealand chiefs paid to Bishop Selwyn's tomb at Litchfield? After weeping for some time, one of them said: "The Bishop was a *great* man, for he did not mind doing *little* things." I have often thought of that.

You will find several things you will not quite like in Faber both in thought and expression. But there is much which I think you will like.

—— and —— and I had a very enjoyable time in Normandy; two nights at a very primitive little village inn at La Trait, on the Seine, between Rouen and Caudebec, where the old landlord and his wife came up and sat with us during our supper, and amused us with a very graphic description of the march of the Prussians through the place, and the raid on his inn, and the flight of the old curé, a dear old man, a "père commune" to the whole village, into the Church tower, where he locked himself up. We visited Jumièges and St. Wandrille, where great preparations were being made for a pilgrimage to a sacred fountain, as many as twelve or fourteen thousand going in one day. And yet, our old

landlord said, there is hardly any "devotion" in France, owing to the bad and careless lives of the priests. How far he was true I don't know.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
June 25th, 1884.

I think boys are sent to preparatory schools too soon. In the lower school at St. Leonard's we had some boys as young as seven or eight. I don't see how a boy can get sufficiently attached to his home, if at that early age his parents shift the responsibility off their own shoulders: I think ten is quite early enough. Then I think young boys are made to begin too many subjects at once. The result is that too often a gentleman's son at the age of ten or twelve knows far less of arithmetic, spells, and writes, and perhaps sometimes reads, worse, than a labourer's son in a national school of the same age. The boys of my acquaintance who have begun *Greek* at a much later age—thirteen or fourteen, say—have rapidly caught up those who have been labouring at it alongside with Latin and French. I am not sure that it would not be as well to teach quite young boys *English* grammar. The elementary schools require it as the *first* of all extra subjects when any extra subject (beyond the three R's) is taught. And I think it would greatly help on a boy's classics, his Latin prose especially. At St. Leonard's the small boys never worked for more than two hours without a break. Corporal punishments, perhaps, for the younger boys. Extra drill rather than impositions. (Parenthesis out of its place: Smith's "Principia" quite the best book I know for teaching young boys Latin exercises.) In proportion to their greater bodily restlessness, a greater amount of γυμναστική compared with μουσική than with older boys. Compulsory gymnasium and swimming bath at St. Leonard's were of the utmost value every

way. At Mrs. Maclaren's school at Somertown (Oxford) every boy had a cold bath every morning. They have there no supervision by masters, though no boy remains after he is fourteen. Bedrooms and all are kept in good order by the monitors. Though this was not our system at St. Leonards throughout, yet where the principle was tried it answered. Trust begets trustworthiness ; and even small boys are not always the ungovernable and mischievous animals that Plato asserts they are. As to the most important question of bedrooms, I think much may be done by a careful assortment of boys. Even among small boys the greatest precaution is necessary. The poison enters as much into the soul of a boy of eight as of twelve or fourteen. Not all men are suited for masterships in small boys' schools ; the (generally) closer intimacy makes it, at least, as important as to get good masters for public schools. But private schoolmasters often get the cheapest to do their work.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
November 17th, 1884.

I forget whether I told you that I have instituted a much-appreciated Shakespeare reading with my boys every Wednesday evening, 7.30 to 9. We have read "Macbeth," and at their own request have begun "Julius Cæsar." The sisters and —— join us.

I have been doing some turning in the carpenter's shop (close by in the village) with one of my boys. We are getting rather good at it.

Our great want at present is a permanent lawn-tennis court. This I hope to have before long.

Since —— has been away for his holiday I have gone more often to Rye Harbour, and am beginning to find out what a fine set of fellows the coast-guards as a rule are. One of them has just made me an oak bookshelf.

Their houses are always so clean, and they are so intelligent. Some of them are old sailors, who have been all over the world.

The last Sunday I was there with —— we gave away little bunches of chrysanthemums to all the children after church, and were delighted to find them treasured up in various houses afterwards as the gift of "the man in the white petticoat," for I distributed them before taking off my surplice. Scarcely a flower grows down there, though at some distance from the houses, where the eye rests on a refreshing interval of green amid wastes of shingle, they raise a few cabbages and potatoes.

EASTBOURNE,
May 27th, 1885.

I should like to hear what you said on betting. I think C. Kingsley is right in making the selfishness of it the basis of its objectionableness. It may not hurt *you;* even if you lose you may not be conscious of any loss. You may be able to afford it, and it may never grow to an unquenchable thirst with you; but it does with *some*, and you would surely never run the risk of helping on others to what is the common ruin of so many. You never know the real circumstances of those with whom you bet or play for money, and if you did, you would often rather cut off a right hand than win money from that source. And at the best it is an unworthy pleasure to delight in building up one's own profit or advantage upon another's ignorance or ill-luck. For if you win—and by betting you wish to win—you do make a profit out of your neighbour's ignorance or want of skill or misfortune.

This or something of the sort is what I have generally said on the subject to boys preparing for Confirmation, and with many (I think most) it carried conviction—I hope a practical conviction—with it.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
June 16th, 1885.

Alas! I am in grief and perplexity again about one of my old St. Leonard's boys whom I had taken pains with, and who had greatly endeared himself to me. He has been found out in cribbing and lying at his new school, and his mother is heart-broken over it, and asks me what she is to do. And he is within a week of his Confirmation! Oh for the *ἀγάπη* that hopeth all things! To punish and scold is only the awakening. As Jean Paul says, "We must oppose, to the devil, not another devil, but God."

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
November 7th, 1885.

I have been more utterly busy than ever, for under the present stress of the anti-Church conspiracy of 480 Liberal candidates for the new Parliament we parsons are driven to supplement our quiet unobtrusive deeds with unwonted words, and against our wish to rise up in self-defence; so politics have taken up some time, for political meetings have had to be attended and (worse still, but yet inevitable, since the question is part of an historical fact, which we parsons must see that our people are not unacquainted with) "political" sermons preached. You have no idea of the false notions that have got about, either from sheer ignorance, or the per-filtration of Liberationist untruthfulness from the towns. Nor can you imagine how ready they are to be told the truth, or how attentively they listen to what one has to say, or how they discuss it afterwards.

Did you read Lord Salisbury's speech at the Victoria Hall?

I grieve to say that our labourers' wages are reduced to 12s. a week. I don't know what I can do, except

try to get the farmers to sell their own flour at cost price (or a little above cost price) to their labourers, and also to slay an occasional sheep, which they could sell at 5½d. or 6d. a pound, and not lose thereby. The middlemen are the only people who are well-to-do nowdays. And if the butchers keep up their prices, I don't see why farmers shouldn't take the matter into their own hands, and become every man his own (and his workpeople's) butcher.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
November 17th, 1885.

As to the disestablishment leaflet, from our point of view the tithes are a gift of centuries ago to the support of religion in the country; and therefore, though the State, of course, has a right to do what it likes with all corporate property, yet it would be no more honest or just to take that money that was originally set apart for a religious object, unless it can be proved that the object is no longer worthy of the money originally given, than it would be just or honest to disestablish, say, a hospital, unless it was evident that the hospital was not only useless as at present conducted, but hopelessly past reform, which none but the extreme Liberationists would surely be ready to say of the Church.

The question, "Is it honest?" (to take, that is, money given for one object and to apply it to another) implies that those who think of encouraging such a course (*i.e.*, the voters for candidates who have pledged themselves to disestablishment) are presumably so far honest men that when they see the facts of the case they will act honestly. I don't think it necessarily implies that all Liberationists are dishonest men, though their pamphlet (have you seen it?) is full of statements that are not only ridiculously false, but also teem with an

intense bitterness that is barely concealed beneath a cultured phraseology.

Then, as to the duty of not raising the question till it should be made the one subject of an appeal to the country, I should agree with you; but if a Liberal Government comes in, and Gladstone dies or retires, there is no security against the question being brought forward by this Parliament, since the Chamberlain party is on this point so strong. You see that 492 Liberal candidates have promised to vote for disestablishment. This fact was published by the Liberation Society as the triumphant "result of many years of silent work." This was a distinct challenge that churchpeople could not afford to disregard or laugh at, and therefore they have been driven to defend their position at once. And do you remember the case of the Irish Church? Gladstone spoke of that as a matter of the "dim and distant future"; and the disestablishment of the Irish Church came in two years and a quarter. So we know that "the dim and distant future" may be the very measurable interval of two and a quarter years exactly. I don't mean the case is the same, for I think the Irish Church had a very weak case compared with the Church of England. But with 492 possible members of this new Parliament already banded against us, was it too soon to begin to look to our defences? I regret as much as you do that it should be made a party question, and I am very glad to think that your liberal candidate has had the courage to pledge himself the other way; but he is the only instance I have heard of, for after you have subtracted the 492 Liberationists, the small remainder are quite Gladstonian in their oracular indefiniteness. They have almost to a man refused to say anything definitely for or against disestablishment.

All we care about is to have the facts of the whole

case known, and then I am sure there is no danger. But the Liberationist statements are not all facts, and can be very many of them refuted by anyone possessing quite elementary knowledge of the subject. And if you come to half-truths, in which they largely deal, this is perhaps the most mischievous part of the whole matter.

It is nearly an hour past midnight, and I must end.

As to my boys. I think Arnold of Rugby was right in getting rid of boys (not exactly expelling them) when he saw they were getting and doing no good, and saw a chance of their doing better elsewhere.

So I have almost made up my mind to refuse to receive two of my boys again after Christmas. A school works by strict discipline; a private tutor can only get on by means of a mutual understanding. I feel that certain boorish natures would do better under a man who is not quite a gentleman himself. I have no one definite and serious charge to make against these boys, but a general and persistent spirit of idleness, rudeness, and disloyalty, which has so successfully resisted my best efforts, that I'm afraid lest I should at last give utterance to the feelings of my inmost soul.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
March 29th, 1886.

I like your Latin couplet, but I don't know where it comes from.

I believe that individual preparation for Confirmation is the way, or, at least, quite small classes. I send you a prayer I have had printed for our candidates; it is too long I fear for some of them, so I urge them to pray a shorter prayer in their own words. About the doctrine of the Holy Trinity I have never rested in any purely metaphysical explanation. "Mirari non rimari vera fides est;" explaining it practically, as the

Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier of our life; praying in Keble's beautiful words that God may be That to us, and "all the Godhead join to make us whole," so our hearts—and through our hearts our minds—may be assured and find confidence and repose.

Theological difficulties vanish in a way that I could never have imagined it possible (though I had been told they would) when they have to be translated into practical religion for ourselves and for others.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
April 14th, 1886.

I have had a very difficult case with one of my boys, a really good fellow at heart, but with no idea whatever of time or space, and a fearful temper. This last led him on Sunday to an outrageous piece of disobedience. He repented late at night, and came to my room for forgiveness at 1 a.m. But the next morning the devil in him awoke again, and I was obliged, for the first time in my life (may it be the last!) to administer a sound caning. I confess to you that the effort brought the tears to my eyes, for I am very fond of the boy. He told me it was the first licking he had ever received without resisting and struggling.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
June 8th, 1886.

We have just had our Confirmation. Fifty-four candidates from Icklesham and Rye Harbour; nearly a 100 people to dinner and tea in the school, and cricket and games for the boys and girls in the afternoon, finishing with a short service in church, and an address by Mr. —— of Cuckfield. Next Sunday they will receive their first Communion. I am inclined to agree with Bishop —— in encouraging boys to come to Confirmation (and Communion) at an early time—at the age of thirteen or even twelve—so that it may

be a preventive, instead of a remedy against sin already committed at a critical period of their lives. What do you think? Boys know evil so much earlier than we think. The disobedient tasting of the tree of knowledge ("thou shalt *not* eat") so early in life must be—as it was surely meant to be—corrected by the obedient eating of the Bread of Life: "Take, eat." Do you know a beautiful passage in Jean Paul's autobiography where he describes his first Communion, and the thrill of reverent delight, as of an electric touch, at the receiving the Bread and the Chalice for the first time—"the mystery of union with the Most High, leaving the altar with the infinity of heaven in his heart"? I have lent the book, and am misquoting from memory.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
July 21st, 1886.

Κοινὰ τὰ τῶν φίλων, so I will tell you my trouble with him. Yesterday my boys played cricket as usual after dinner, and before coming in after their game one of the others had rather a rough romp with ——, and though he did not hurt him, he succeeded in so frightening him that in a moment he was "all at the top of the tree"—as the Sussex people say of a man in a passion—and appeared suddenly breathless and panting in my room, declaring that he wasn't going to put up with being bullied. Finding he had not been hurt in the least I took no notice, and he disappeared; but at work time he did not appear, nor at tea, nor at prayers, and at nine o'clock I received a telegram from a friend of his in St. Leonards saying he had taken refuge with her! To-day he has returned, and is penitent enough. But what a sad disclosure of petulance and general feebleness! Still, much allowance must be made for weak health.

I hope soon to have a meeting here of elementary

schoolmasters in the neighbourhood and as many of their clergy as care to come, to hear and discuss a paper (on "Religious Teaching in Elementary Schools") by our schoolmaster, and to have a quiet afternoon and tea in our garden. They are doing a vast work, and I wish their work was recognised by the men themselves receiving more recognition socially, especially at the hands of the clergy.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
December 4th, 1886.

I was talking the other day to a well-known Hastings doctor, who said (quoting from a friend): "There are more periods of life than are usually reckoned. First comes infancy, to the age of about three; then boyhood; then *devil-hood* from sixteen to eighteen; then manhood." This witness, I am afraid, is true of some boys, though I have never known one bad enough even at his worst times to merit such a description.

I ought to be very thankful for the sort of boys I have had.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
March 1st, 1887.

Then I spent a quiet week down in Somersetshire at Lympsham, broken by two expeditions, one to Exeter and to Upton Pynes, to Lord ——'s funeral, with my uncle, who is an ardent Conservative, and the other to Wells. Wells Cathedral library has several manuscript treasures; a tenth-century letter from the Pope at that time to the Bishop, in which he calls himself "servus servorum Dei" and "co-episcopus," with the "episcopus" to whom he writes. Also many early printed books; many books, too, belonging to Erasmus, with his autograph, "Sum Erasmi Roterodami"; and a most interesting illuminated manuscript Psalter, with

an interlinear mystical comment, very striking in many places to which we turned: something in Bengel's laconic style.

. . . My work has been diversified and increased lately by having in many ways to look after the village school. This afternoon I had a long conversation, *re* school fees, with a loud-voiced virago, if you can call it a conversation "ubi *vapulo* tantum." When in despair I said I would speak to her husband, she said: "It's no good your talking to him; he isn't going to change my mind. He's known me for ten years now, and he knows pretty well now what I am!" Poor fellow! It is notorious that he does know, and has long since wished he had taken Punch's advice to those about to marry.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
May 5th, 1887.

We went for a six days' holiday in N.E. France—Boulogne, Montreuil, Samer, Lumbres, Licques, and St. Omer. Most of these are little country towns, in very pretty country, and out of the beaten track. There are far-reaching forests quite close to Boulogne, where they still hunt the wild boar. I never heard so many nightingales singing at once as at Montreuil. At St. Omer we spent last Sunday; a fine cathedral with a splendid organ (to which I gained access), and good singing. The stateliness of the Roman ritual creates an atmosphere of reverence and awe, but it is (to the multitude) an inarticulate worship, and in that respect unworthy *μερόπων ἀνθρώπων*. We heard a good sermon at vespers on the text, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
June 10th, 1887.

It is a long time since we have found a spare "five minutes" to write. And if I don't write to-day I do

not expect I shall find any more time next week, as we are all as busy as possible with preparations for a parochial celebration of the Jubilee. We are to begin the day with service in church, when my long cherished plan of restoring stringed instruments to their proper place in church will, I hope, find its accomplishment. We have now a very respectable village stringed band, in which two of my boys occasionally help; and we shall muster four violins, a piccolo, and a violoncello, to play Glück's lovely march from "Alceste" as the first voluntary, with the organ, and the inspiratory march from Handel's Occasional Oratorio at the end. You have no idea how beautiful it sounds in church!

Then, besides a dinner and tea to every man, woman, and child in the place (*all* of us, and not merely the poor people, are going to sit down together), we are organising athletic sports and races and games, for women as well as men, and, of course, for children as well.

Then after tea there will be dancing (all out of doors) for those who like it: and we have been throwing open our garden in the evening to all comers, to practise Sir Roger de Coverley and the Swedish dance on the lawn.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
December 12th, 1887.

As to "Sir Percival," I have found it read and appreciated by a village lad of fifteen, our shoemaker's son; but I don't think a young boy would understand the allegory. I think it is a good book for thoughtful boys just beginning to feel the impulses of manhood. By a wise ordering of things, the higher chivalrous instincts awake often simultaneously with the lower sensuous ones, and the book would help such a lad if he was capable of reflection.

The boy to whom I gave the book was a gentleman's son, an old St. Leonard's boy; but he is one whom I

regard as especially one of my τέκνα πνευματικὰ (as the monk expressed it), and I had reason to expect that he would like it and see the meaning of it, as he did. I hardly think it would do for ordinary boys.

. . . Did I tell you of Annette's proposal of "social evenings" for our village people? We invite them in batches of thirty or forty to a sort of evening "at home" in the school-room; the room is made bright and habitable with carpets, chairs and tables, flowers, piano, etc., and after tea we have music, look at microscopes, show them photographs, pictures, etc., and have various games with them. They like it immensely, and I think it does good in promoting a feeling of friendliness; "égalité" and "fraternité" in the best sense.

We have also established a club-room for working lads, with classes once a week, and books, papers, and games; cocoa to be had at a minute's notice, 1d. per cup.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
June 23rd, 1888.

To-morrow at eight o'clock our boys and girls are coming for their first Communion. How can we make too much of it? We have been very much encouraged about them, and they have seemed in earnest, and given proofs at home that they are so. But all resting upon past success is deadly. They and we need more than ever now St. Paul's τὰ μὲν ὀπίσω ἐπιλανθανόμενος τοῖς δὲ ἔμπροσθεν ἐπεκτεινόμενος.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
June 30th, 1888.

At the Handel festival Gladstone was present, and his presence gave rise to a very noisy and rather unbecoming political demonstration, the storm of applause and hisses and cheers and groans lasting for several minutes, a Conservative gentleman in the orchestra adding to the noise with doleful sounds produced from

his 'cello! I don't think the Athenians in the Pnyx could have been more rabidly uproarious.

I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my glimpse of you, and especially you in the midst of your boys. Though it is ruinous to let one's mind dwell upon the thought, yet it is encouraging to think sometimes that in teaching boys we are standing (as Jean Paul says, with Moses on the mountain, and looking forth into a promised land, upon which we ourselves may not enter, though our charges will. Thank you very much for Cotterill's book. It is full of sound and manly sense, and not altogether (I should hope) merely Utopian. Paget's addresses are a "sursum *corda*"; Cotterill's vigorous words a "sursum *corpora*." What he says about the purity of working lads I think I can thoroughly endorse. Of course, one cannot as in a school keep a constantly watchful eye on our country boys, but I believe there is a great safeguard in hard work (bodily) and frugal fare, and perhaps in the knowledge of good and evil imbibed early, and not kept concealed as an unclean mystery; at least, such is my impression.

I saw more than one old pupil at the Handel festival. It is encouraging to notice how after a few years' interval one generally finds one's steadfast boys still steadfast, and the bad ones improved often past all recollection of their former unsatisfactoriness. One learns by degrees something of the πολυποίκιλος σοφία τοῦ Θεοῦ in His mysterious dealings with every individual soul. Here, too, in a higher sense, διεδίδοτο ἑκάστῳ καθότι ἄν τις χρείαν εἶχεν.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
September 4th, 1888.

Then, after coming home for Sunday, I spent a week in Warwickshire, just under Edge Hill, at Arlescote,

with the ——, a delightful Elizabethan house, with an old-fashioned garden to match, with long grass paths, and yew hedges and terraces. On a pane of glass in one of the windows "Charles" is scratched in ancient letters, which some are eager to recognise as the autograph of Charles I. The house possesses a capital library, and I greatly enjoyed a quiet week there. I ended my holiday with a few days at Wisbech, divided between romping with ——'s children and visiting some of the churches, which in that part of the country are far larger and more beautiful than the scanty population would lead you to expect. The most splendid village church I saw was Walpole St. Peter, quite a little cathedral in size and dignity and delicate workmanship. The generous builder had left a hint of his motive in the inscription just legible round the base of the font: "Think and thank."

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
December 6th, 1888.

Moreover, just now I have a literary project taking possible shape—it is the translation of Mgr. Dupanloup's "Entretiens sur la Prédication Populaire" into English. It is one of the most helpful books on preaching that I know; and if those who are able to advise me, and whom I am consulting, recommend it, I shall (with the aid of an old pupil of mine, who is a first-rate French scholar) try to get it done, and, unless we utterly fail, the book ought to be very helpful to young clergy especially, for it is most truly Catholic and free from Popery, and many are too lazy to read it in French, and some, perhaps, too ignorant. I know of one Bishop who recommends the book most strongly to his clergy.

As to competitive examinations. For young boys I most heartily dislike the present inevitable cram.

Viva voce examination would approximately, I think, get the best boy, not the best *stuffed*, but the best δυνάμει. You want to *get* the best δυνάμει by entrance scholarships at public schools. Later on examinations do less harm. But to my mind the real difficulty lies in this: testing work by examinations, or "payment by results" (as the problem is to us elementary-school managers), makes the average teacher and the average boy go through a certain amount of hard and systematic work; and this, after all, is the chief benefit the average boy will probably get from school, unless school is not reformed, but revolutionised. In other words, can you trust the average teacher or the average boy to do their duty without the examination incentive? You would be opening the door to fanciful hobbies, especially with young and "new-light" masters. Perhaps more and more frequent inspection of work and method, and less examination and at rare intervals, would give a stimulus to intelligent teaching.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
September 2nd, 1889.

I am glad you have had a pleasant time in Scotland. I enjoyed my fortnight in Brittany with —— exceedingly, and feel all the better for it. In some parts we visited we found that two-thirds of the land is held by peasant proprietors, but the opinion seemed to be that they work harder and earn less than the wage-receiving labourers. But they are a thrifty, sober, and cheerful people, far superior physically to the average Frenchman. The churches are thronged on Sundays, both at the early and late Mass. But through the month of August they have no sermons, for in harvest time the people work so hard during the week they are glad to be let off with a shorter service on Sunday.

In our talks with various people we gathered that the priests are, as a rule, respected and loved by the poor, but that they are rather despised by the more intelligent classes. One comes away from a village "Continental Sunday," with its devoutly spent morning and its reasonable and orderly afternoon recreation, with a longing to devise something for our English village folk better than their present pitiful plan of lounging idleness—so often "still the nurse of sin"—and yet something that will not shock the English sense of the separateness of Sunday from other days, which is (often) the last strand in the rope that still binds the old-fashioned countryman to any religious ideas at all, or to any possibilities of anything higher than that frightfully deadening indifference, which is practical materialism.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
February 17th, 1891.

I, too, am preparing some candidates for Confirmation —some grown-up women; this is the result of our parish mission, which I feel as well as hope has done good. Of course one does not look for roots on the surface; but our people must have learnt much from ——'s exceedingly direct and plain teaching, wherein every point was driven home with the aptest illustration and anecdote.

Besides our usual Lent services, I am starting a men's Bible-class here (we have had one at Rye Harbour for some time) and a six o'clock early celebration of the Holy Communion on Thursdays, to which our poor people come more easily and readily than on Sundays.

What you say about standing by the bedside of the dying is most true. The longer one lives, the more one sees how God has done all but compelled us

to believe. With children and old people especially we sometimes almost see God face to face. But how can we help others to attain to our own certainty? "Except ye see signs and wonders ye will not believe." But we are surrounded with signs, if we only knew. The awful symptom is when we find ourselves growing blind to others' goodness; but this is a specially ecclesiastical failing.

ICKLESHAM,
May 19th, 1891.

Thank you most heartily for both your cheering letters; I cannot tell you how much your first letter helped me. I am very much ashamed of not having thanked you for it before. Among all the words and signs of thoughtful and loving sympathy that have been constantly flowing in from all sides, none seemed more fruitful of strong and lasting comfort than yours. I don't know who it was who said: "Be what God meant you to be, and then you will have the influence which God meant you to have." This seems so exactly to explain the source of my father's wonderful and yet utterly unconscious influence over all that came in contact with him. It was the same with your father. No one could be in the presence of either of them without feeling the *beauty* of holiness and wishing to attain to it, and wondering at the nearness to heaven which is possible even now to men on earth, who have done with all self-seeking, and have, indeed, set their affections on things above. And so to my father and and to yours death seems natural and easy, and what God meant it to be. Desolating and terrible as the thought was to have to look forward to saying good-bye to that dear body through which his holy and beautiful soul had spoken and acted and revealed itself all these years—a true temple of the Holy Ghost—yet one felt increasingly that everything connected with his death

Photo by Bradshaw, Hastings.

THEODORE CHURTON, ÆT. 38.

To face page 112.

was right and best; foreseen and lovingly purposed for him and for us by that good Providence, whose unfailing ordering (even to the *details* of our complex human life) had been the foundation of his trustful faith. For I think that, next to his humility, all felt his childlike faith in God's Providence, and closely connected with this, his intense belief in prayer, and the perfect simplicity and trust with which he seemed able at all times and under all circumstances to take God into his confidence, as it were, and to leave all things in His hand. One may well be content to acquiesce in the *mystery* of the future life, and to know that if it had been good for us for more to have been revealed, God would have revealed it to us. But (and I dare say you may have felt this too) it seems for us beyond a doubt that we have something still more helpful and inspiring than the mere *memory* of what he was and is. It is as if we had only lost his bodily presence, and as I have often felt helped unspeakably, even in the times of his bodily weakness, by the knowledge that he was praying for me, as I went out to a sermon or cottage lecture, so it seems now as if his pure spirit was *released* for fresh and unimpeded activities for good, for *intercession*, as I think St. John's words show without a doubt, and for helpfulness in many ways on our behalf, of which we feel and know the *result*, though we can scarcely guess at the means. It is, or ought to be, a perpetual "Sursum Corda" to be allowed to teach still in his schools and churches, and, above all, to minister where he ministered in our Lord's own service of the Eucharist in the twofold sense of ministering to God in worship with "Angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven"—himself included—and ministering the Bread of Life to the souls of the people, for whom and with whom he lived and died.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
July 30th, 1891.

Thank you for your words about realising the ideal. And I suppose we need also to idealise the real to see and feel the beauty and importance of everyday and common sights and words and things (as Nathaniel Hawthorne does so wonderfully), taking a living interest in small details, because we see how they may fit into that ideal of life which God sees if we don't; making our little bit as perfect as we can, not merely from a workmanlike desire to put good work into it and not be ashamed of it, but also from the inspiring thought that all these little bits are being worked up by an unseen hand into the great ideal which God has never lost sight of from the first, all through the perplexing entanglements of the world's and our own history. We want—or rather I should say *I* want, for I fancy this is *the* want of a country parson's rather isolated life—"to see the infinite in things," to see how the most trivial-seeming events are "specimens" of laws and tendencies and facts of far-reaching importance.

LONDON DIOCESAN PENITENTIARY,
HIGHGATE,
September 19th, 1891.

Everyone was present at both services, and the singing (Agnes playing the organ) was most hearty. You may imagine that the words seemed kindled into a deeper earnestness and meaning with such a congregation. I suppose our Prayer-Book services presuppose a congregation of either worse or better people than the average, for it seems as if only the very bad and the very good really were conscious of the sinfulness of sin, and the need, consequently, of the intense pleadingness of our prayers.

St. Colomba's Inn, Iona,
August 5th, 1893.

It has been very pleasant to be able to realise St. Columba here, and we have spent hours in and about the ruins sketching and reading about him.

It is wonderful to see and feel him to be such a living personality as he is to the islanders still. The white marble altar which stood in the cathedral intact long after the Reformation was comparatively lately broken up into fragments by them, not as iconoclasts, but in order that they might carry the pieces about with them as charms against perils by sea and land.

Arlescote, Banbury,
September 13th, 1898.

I suppose all early Christian art was symbolical—*e.g.*, in the catacombs—and though the Crucifixion was represented earlier, it was the underlying truth, life triumphing through death, our Lord "reigning from the tree," that they tried to set forth. And I think I am right in saying that the modern crucifix, or any representation of the Crucifixion merely historical, and giving emphasis only to the outward facts of pain and humiliation, is unknown till the eleventh century. The underlying truth, that what looked like death and failure was really victory and life, was always the point brought out during the first ten centuries. And so it is right that it should be revived, as, *e.g.*, in the reredos at St. Peter's, St. Leonards, where the figure of our Lord, living and clothed and crowned (not with thorns), and with hands outstretched to bless (not nailed), is represented as standing in front of the Cross. At a distance it looks like an ordinary crucifix, but nearer you see what it is and grasp the meaning. The *historical* crucifix is not wrong, but it is only half

the truth, and should not be encouraged, I think, as the only visible setting forth of the Redemption.

ICKLESHAM VICARAGE,
July 25th, 1900.

At Jena we visited Professor Rein's experimental boys' school. His methods are in favour with Sir John Gorst, and have inspired much of the New Code of 1900; and it was very interesting watching the lesson given to boys of six or seven on "Little Red Riding Hood," fairy tales and legends being the foundation of all further teaching. And we also accompanied the hour's school walk and series of outdoor object-lessons—still boys of six and seven, and given by the exceedingly capable head-master—the plan being, as in the Jesuit schools, that the youngest children should be entrusted to the best and most experienced teacher.

ORIGINAL VERSES

IN THE WOODS IN MAY

By old familiar woodland paths I went.
The fresh green buds shone forth from every tree,
Spring flowers and sunshine shamed my discontent
And spoke glad words to me.

Above, the broad blue heaven's friendly smile,
Beneath, the twinkling hues of many a flower
Around, sweet songs of birds poured forth the while,
From every leafy bower.

And soon, when sudden on my gaze there broke
A bank of bluebells in a wondrous crowd,
My heart could not keep silence and I spoke
My wondering joy aloud.

With reverent head unbared I stood intent,
So fair shone forth the unbroken band of blue,
As though to earth the ungrudging heaven had lent
Its own ethereal hue.

In well-known words I spoke my thankful praise,
And said, "All Glory to the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, now as in former days,
While endless ages run."

I scarce had finished when a chilling pang
Ran through me; for the old familiar strain,
That eighteen centuries undoubting sang,
Renewed the anxious pain.

Unworthy, narrowing cords they seemed to be
Of that vast power whom all the worlds adore,
Vainly defining Him we cannot see,
But dimly bow before.

In deep heart sadness from the flower-strewn ground,
Yearning for God, to heaven I raised my face.
Nought saw I there, but coldly on me frowned
Unfathomable space.

But soon a voice of comfort bade my soul
Trace not the mazes of a doubting mind:
"Do thou but Christ-like deeds of self-control
Seek Him and thou shalt find."

"Think not that God can His own world deceive
Or let past ages take His Name in vain.
If thou couldst but with simpler faith believe,
The mystery were more plain."

"Whence comes thy joy at lengthening April days,
Thy thrill of gladness at the skylark's song,
Thy awe when rolls the ancient hymn of praise
High-vaulted aisles along?"

"Who taught thee not to shun the weary strife,
All idle love of self to cast behind;
And by His own most perfect Human Life
Showed forth the Eternal Mind?"

"One Presence links all good. Canst thou disdain
The simple faith that tells God's voice within
Approveth deeds of love and meteth pain
To every deed of sin?"

These thoughts be still thy strength from hour to hour,
Till that bright day shall end all doubt and strife,
God's Fatherhood, His Spirit's Presence, the Power
Of that one endless Life.

(*Written about* 1880.)

PRAYER FOR THE BEGINNING OF A SCHOOL TERM

Heavenly Father, who hast brought us
Safely through our time of rest,
Who by patient toil hast taught us
That Thy sons may serve Thee best,
In Thy presence
May our days of work be blest.

Prosper Thou our frail endeavour,
Or we soon shall go astray.
Keep our purpose true, and ever
Guide our footsteps in Thy way.
Make us earnest
In our work and in our play.

Keep home's gentle influence o'er us,
When temptations enter in.
Let Thy loving power secure us
Pure from every taint of sin.
May Thy Spirit
Dwell our secret hearts within.

For the work of life prepare us;
From all selfishness set free;
If to manhood Thou shouldst spare us,
Blameless may our manhood be,
Till our rest-time
Calls us home at last to Thee.

Written when he was a Master at Mr. Tottenham's School, 1881.

Oh Thou, who rulest time and space,
Whom distant worlds, to us unknown,
In calm unchanging order own,
Help Thy frail child to seek Thy face,

Thou madest man to serve Thee best,
And yet of all Thy works, O Lord,
While far and near obey Thy word,
We do not serve Thee like the rest.

Thou gavest man the power of will:
Thou teachest us in many ways,
Thou cam'st Thyself in later days
To help us choose 'twixt good and ill.

We have ourselves alone to blame,
When weary with the unrest of sin;
Yet then Thy special love comes in,
For Thou, O Lord, art still the same.

Forgive, O Lord, my misspent hours,
My grosser sins, my wasted youth,
My but half-hearted search for truth,
My thoughtless joy o'er earthly flowers.

OXFORD, *January*, 1878.

"ADORO TE DEVOTE"

Low I bow before Thee,
Love unseen, Divine,
Veilèd from our vision
'Neath the outward sign:
Thee Thy faithful children
Heart and soul adore
Whose mysterious presence
Thought can ne'er explore.
Though the outward senses
Taste and touch deceive,
What our ears have told us
We may well believe.

On the Cross Thy Godhead
Thou, O Lord, didst hide;
On the altar veilèd
God and Man abide.
God and Man we own Thee:
Grant to us, we pray,
By a blessed foretaste,
Paradise to-day.

Though our eyes Thy wound-prints
May not yet behold,
Lord and God we own Thee,
Jesu, as of old.
Give us faith, O Saviour,
Humbly to adore,
Hopefully to follow
And to love Thee more.

Sweet and blest memorial
Of our dying Lord!
Bread of Heaven, who givest
Life, be here adored.
Thee, the living fountain,
May my spirit prove,
And Thy gracious sweetness
Never cease to love!

Thou dost feed Thy children,
Thou, O Lord, art good.
Cleanse me, sorely needing
Cleansing by Thy Blood.
For one drop of mercy,
From Thy life-blood spilt,
Saves a world of sinners
From the foulest guilt.

Jesu, Thy dear Presence
Veilèd I adore
But my heart's desire
Grant me, I implore,

Thy unveilèd glory,
Lord, at last to see
In the blissful Vision
Of Thy majesty.

June 18, 1888.

CONSTANCE

(" This morning of her own accord Constance (aged two) added Uncle Theodore's name to her little prayers " (letter from S. E. I.).

Fair hair, that droops o'er laughing eyes,
As willows light o'er summer brooks,
Wherein he may behold, who looks,
The smiling blue of God's own skies;

Soft baby hands enfolded see
By Mother's side, her prayers to say
To One who lives and says to-day
" Let little children come to Me."

Of her own self, untaught, she prays
For him who oft, and not in vain
A solace sought from manhood's pain
In her sweet looks and childish ways.

Great gain, those baby accents mild,
Happy who owns that tenderest joy,
That purest gold 'mid earth's alloy—
" The heart-love of a little child."

Oh Lord, when love and faith grow cold,
When dimly burns Thine inward flame,
And haunting thoughts of sloth and shame
With deadening spell his heart enfold,

Recall those eyes, that golden hair,
Those baby lips and folded hands,
That bind him fast in gentlest bands
To heaven with her infant prayer.

November, 1888.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

Thou didst bid the darkness vanish,
Thou didst cause the light to shine,
That in Light thou mightest fashion
All these wondrous worlds of Thine.

Thou didst mould the shapeless matter,
Giving it Thy fixed decree,
And didst fashion into beauty
All the order that we see.

And our souls Thou hast enlightened
With Thy wisdom from above.
One bright path from earth to heaven
Is the sunshine of Thy love.

And at eventide Thou lightest
The vast temple of the sky
With the countless lamps, that nightly
Burn before Thy shrine on high.

Night to day, and day to evening
Peacefully and gently yield.
Thus the law of love and kindness
Thou in heaven to us hast sealed.

Thou at night our labour endest,
Pitying our infirmity,
When the day to work awaketh,
Help us, Lord, to work for Thee.

MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS FOR A PRIEST

Morning

To Thee, oh Lord, I lift my hands in prayer,
To Thee my heart would vow the prayer I pray,
That nought of darkness stain Thine image fair
In deed or thought throughout this newborn day,

Which now to Thee I offer, so I may
Steadfast remain and hold firm mastering will
O'er rebel flesh. Else shall old age dismay
Him who, unworthy, serves Thine altar still.
This my heart's earnest wish do Thou, O Christ, fulfil.

Evening

Thou art the very Truth, my God and Lord,
And yet to Thee I oft have been untrue.
At morning light I pledged to Thee my word,
But night doth show how much that was Thy due
I have withheld full oft.
My feet have slipt, for Thee my Saviour true
Sin's envious clouds have hidden from my sight.
Shed forth on me, O Lord, Thy radiance bright.
Hold Thou me up and make my darkness light.

Icklesham, 1891.

How can I thank Thee, oh my Lord, aright,
That Thou by my unworthy hands shouldst give
Thyself, in all Thy Love and gentle Might,
That men may taste and live ?

For when to preach Thy Holy Word we stand,
Our faltering lips seem oft of no avail:
But here we know that Thou art close at hand
To bless, and wilt not fail.

O wondrous love ! O highest honour given !
O tenderest joy ! in the calm morning hour
To bear to hungering souls the Bread of Heaven,
The Cup of healing power !

These feet, that tidings bring of endless life,
These hands which bear the Mystic Food Divine,
These lips that tell of peace amid the strife,
O make them wholly Thine !

Icklesham, 1890.

THE CHRISTMAS COMMUNION

The crimson splendour of a cloudless dawning,
A flood of glory in the sunlit east;
A clash of many bells—the joy of morning—
And then the Christmas Feast.
The hush of waiting souls whose birthday greeting
Breathes through the stillness at the Altar Throne
A sacramental Touch—and then the meeting
Of Jesus with His own.

ICKLESHAM, *Christmas*, 1899.

"YE SHALL FIND THE BABE WRAPPED IN SWADDLING CLOTHES"

Oh true love-token! Lo the swathing bands
Fast bind those sacred Feet and tender Hands—
Soon to be bound by shameful nails upon the Cross of pain
Self limited our God, that limitless may be our gain.

The boundless ocean flows into a bay,
Safe waters where a child may bathe and play;
So, fathomless though be the well
Of Godhead, He doth deign to dwell
In human limits for our sake:
In those safe waters we may slake
Our thirst, and bathe each aching wound and stain
In Him, till we are clean and whole again.

BEXHILL, *Christmas*, 1912.

HYMN FOR THE WAR

God of our fathers! Lord of Peace,
Who only makest wars to cease,
For peace we strove, compelled to fight.
O Lord of Hosts, defend the right!
For liberty and truth we stand
And righteousness—stretch forth Thine Hand!

Pardon, O Lord, all pride of race;
Our oft neglect to seek Thy Face;
Our lust of wealth, our love of ease;
And grant us, Lord, Thine inward peace,
The peace that comes through sin forgiven
To those who faithfully have striven.

Thou Lord, whose Power our fathers knew
Canst save by many or by few;
Our empire is a trust from Thee,
That others too may still be free.
Clear of blood-guiltiness we fight,
Sure that Thou wilt defend the right.

For those gone forth at duty's call
We pray; O bless them one and all.
Protect them if it be Thy Will,
Through wounds or death be with them still.
O Lord, who livest and wast dead,
We plead Thy wounds and Thorn-crowned Head.

August, 1914.

CHRISTMAS, 1914

Behold, O Lord, the pledge of Thy Birth:—
" Goodwill to men, and Peace upon earth "
Then wherefore Thy word,
" Not peace, but a sword "?
And rulest Thou still above the flood
Of pitiless shedding of innocent blood ?
Never war so wanton and full of hate,
Never hearts so sore and homes desolate !

Yea—calm *through* strife is the Christmas Peace.
Thy wounds and Thy Cross, Lord, tell of release
From sorrow through pain: Thy swaddling bands,
Fast binding Thy Feet and Thy sacred Hands,
Are unloosed at last, and limitless Love
And Pity divine are enthroned above.

Still cometh remission through shedding of blood:
Thou sittest above the waterflood:
Limitations are nought, but the pledge of release
And the sword of pain is the prelude of peace.
Nor are death and destruction the end of strife,
For renewal is Thine and abundant life.

Lo, even in Christmas Sacrament
The Birth and the Death are for ever blent;
The Corn must be crushed that Bread may feed,
Flows the Wine of Life from the grapes that bleed.

"While it was yet dark they came unto the Sepulchre."

Like tears, the dew upon the grass was wet
Along their way;
The shadows purple still o'er Olivet
That dawning Day:

They came in love for that dear friend who died
To anoint His Head;
Alive in us for evermore abide,
O living Bread!

We will not wait until our tears be dry
To seek the Shrine;
The shadows lift, O Dayspring from on high!
O Life Divine!

Easter, 1915.

"QUIS SEPARABIT?"

"Till death us part."
Amid the joy, a pang of boding fear,
A shapeless horror looming far or near,
The faltering of a sudden smart—
Seemed thus the words of troth
That linked us heart to heart?

"Till death us part."
Thus limited our bliss?
Was God's best bounty but for this?
Nay! for by that first lover's kiss
We knew that death has no such art
As can dissever heart from heart.

Not on mere breath
Our deathless love depends,
Nor when kind Heaven sends
That sleep, the Scripture saith
God giveth His beloved, need we weep,
For never are we nearer than in sleep
And wake to know each other near.
Then farewell fear!
Love knows no death,
And naught in God's great universe beside,
Whate'er betide,
Hath power to part
True lovers, heart from heart.

July 20, 1902.

A RHYMED LETTER TO HIS CHILDREN

(Daddy's thanks to Percy, Dorothy and Edie for the iris, daisies, circle, forget-me-nots, and violets painted for him.)

My loving thanks, dear children three,
For all the paintings done for me.
In each a parable I see.

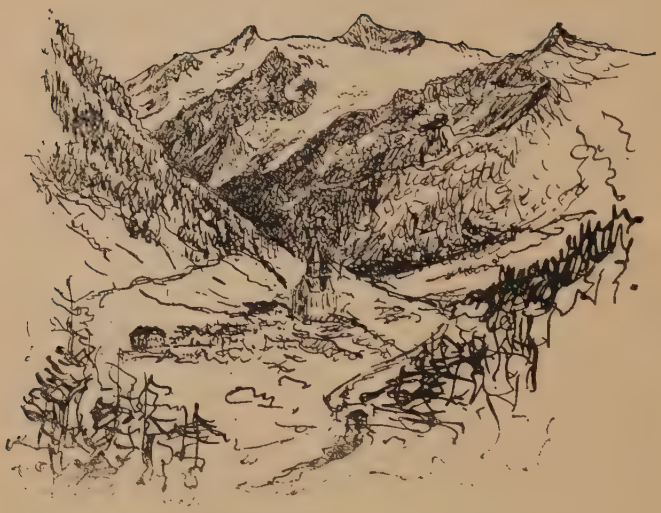
As Iris by the waterside,
May life's pure river fair and wide
Keep fresh your hearts, whate'er betide.

As Edie's daisies everyone
Lift eyes wide open to the sun,
May we look up till life is done.

Be life's eternal circle bright
With every hue of rich delight,
The pattern perfect in God's sight.

Be early friendships ne'er forgot
And treasured every hallowed spot:
A faithful true forget-me-not.

The fragrant violet is seen
Hiding beneath a bower of green:
Of virtues, Humbleness is Queen.



TRIENT, SWITZERLAND (AUGUST 12, 1908).

ON LAKE WALEN (AUGUST 24, 1905).

TRANSLATIONS FROM GREEK AND LATIN HYMNS

LATIN HYMN FOR THE FESTIVAL OF A MARTYR

"SANCTORUM MERITIS"

ONE with the Saints of old, we sing
Their joys who bravely served our King;
Their conflict o'er, how sweet their rest,
Who in God's paradise are blest!

They, by the world despised and spurned,
To Christ's dear Name devoutly turned;
For earthly flowers and fruits decay,
But Christ will bless His Saints for aye.

For His dear sake they lightly bore
The tyrants' rage and threatenings sore;
Nor torture nor the unpitying rod
Could wrest them from the Love of God.

Like sheep they fell beneath the sword;
Meekly they spake no murmuring word;
With dauntless heart and conscience whole
In patience they possessed their soul.

No eye hath seen, no tongue can tell
Their bliss who loved their Lord so well—
The glory of the martyr's crown,
The joys prepared for His own.

Oh God, our highest Good, we pray
All harmful things keep far away;
Forgive our sins; give peace at home,
Until Thy glorious Kingdom come.

August 15, 1899.

"OH NATA LUX DE LUMINE"

Oh Jesu Saviour, Light of Light,
The Daystar of this world's dark night,
Vouchsafe to own the praise we sing,
And grant the prayer Thy suppliants bring.

As Thou for us didst not disdain
To take our flesh and suffer pain,
So ever, Holy Lord, may we
Members of Thy blest Body be.

Upon the mountain's lonely height
Thy Face than noonday shone more bright,
Thy vesture, whiter than the snow,
Thou to Thy chosen three didst show.

To them and to Thy saints of old,
Thou, the true Lord whom they foretold,
Didst grant in that mysterious hour
To own Thy Godhead's mighty power.

The Voice of God from heaven's high Throne
Thee, Lord, His Son on earth did own,
Whom faithful hearts for evermore
As king of glory shall adore.

Vouchsafe to us, O Lord, we pray,
The brightness of Thy grace each day,
That we may grow in faith and love
Until we meet Thy joys above.

Thy church to Thee her praises brings,
All Holy Lord, the King of Kings,
Blest Trinity in Unity
Reigning through all eternity.

FROM THE PARISIEN BREVIARY FOR COMPLINE ON WHITSUNDAY

"Adsis superne Spiritus"

Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
For we are poor and Thou art Love,
And from Thine own abundant Store
Vouchsafe Thy promised gifts to pour.

The orb of light, which Thou hast made,
At eventide must set and fade;
Thy heavenly brightness knows no night,
Who art the soul's eternal Light.

Thou art the heart's sweet hidden guest;
Thou art the toiler's welcome rest;
If Thou dost bid our tears to flow,
Thou too wilt joys divine bestow.

Thou Who art Lord of Love and Life,
O grant us boldness in the strife,
That striving, we may conquer sin,
And, conquering, the reward may win.

Praise to the Father and the Son
And Thee, blest Spirit, with them one.
O breathe upon us from above
The Light of Truth, the glow of Love.

March 10, 1902.

CHRISTMAS DAY

FROM THE OLD LATIN HYMN "HUMANI GENERIS"

All the world's weeping
And sorrow and sighing
Cease, for up-leaping
Is gladness undying.

Fallen were all of us,
Once to God nighest;
Hearing the call of us,
Cometh the Highest.

He the Eternal
Son of the Holiest,
He, Love Supernal,
Clad as the lowliest.

Human flesh taketh,
Flesh for an offering,
Blood ransom maketh,
Freedom thus proffering.

True homeland! thee spurning
I wandered in sadness—
An exile—though yearning
For pathways of gladness.

My Lord came and found me,
When far I was straying.
His Love it hath bound me
To love of obeying.

O Child in the Manger,
My path of security,
My goal, when in danger,
The pledge of my purity.

O Truth here concealed
As Babe lying lowly,
Yet to pure hearts revealed,
O make Thou me holy!

AN ANCIENT EASTER HYMN

"O Maria, noli flere"

Weep not, O mourning Magdalene,
He whom thou seekest may be seen;
Not far from truth thy musings err
In thinking Him the gardener,
Be thine own heart His garden fair,
Good fruit unto His praise to bear.

Why weeping near the empty cell?
Lift up thine eyes and all is well;
Why brooding o'er the Sepulchre,
When He whom thou dost love is near?
Thou seekest Jesus; He is found.
Thou hast Him; yet thy tears abound!

To sorrowing hearts the Lord is near.
'Twas thine the Master's Voice to hear,
'Twas His the word of truth to sow,
Whose word set all thy heart aglow:
"Mary!" He called His own by name.
"Dear Master," the glad answer came.

To Christ all praise and glory be,
Once Guest of the proud Pharisee,
Whose cold neglect so gently blamed,
By Mary's costly gift was shamed.
On all who feast with Thee below,
Life's endless banquet, Lord, bestow.

Easter, 1910.

EASTER DAY

(Translated from a Greek Hymn, written by the Emperor Leo, *c.* 460 A.D.)

Lo through the gloom the dawning day,
O Magdalene ! a gladdening ray
To heal the smart
Of thy sad heart,
The while thou weepest by the empty tomb,
By whom
And where the Body of thy Lord is laid
Not knowing, sorrowful, and sore afraid.
Lo ! the disciples come apace;
The linen swathed about His face,
The empty grave-clothes argue Life
Through death—the dawning end of strife.
No longer blind
They call to mind
His words and prophecies of old.
We, too, believe
With them who these glad tidings told,
And will not grieve
Too much over earth's sorrows, soon to end
But low in love adoring bend,
Though ills be rife,
And with heaven's worthier praises blend
Our Easter thanks, dear Lord, to Thee,
Whose boundless love has set us free,
Who art the Giver and Lord of more
Abundant Life.

Easter, 1912.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

(*With music*)

"DEAR HOLY BABE"

Dear Holy Babe ! pure, undefiled !
For us, earth's children, born a Child,
That we God's children true might be
Made pure through Thy pure infancy.

True Light from a kind Father's hand
Sent down to our dark earthly land !
O heavenly Child ! bid heaven shine,
And heavenly make this heart of mine.

Dear Holy Babe, pure, undefiled !—
When dawns Thy Birthday, heavenly Child,
We all, earth's children, far and wide
Rejoice because 'tis Christmastide.

O bless Thy little one ! from sin,
Dear Saviour, make me pure within:
Do Thou this day my soul wash white
In Thy heaven's-fountain full and bright.

(*From the German.*)

ORIGINAL GREEK AND LATIN VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS OF ENGLISH HYMNS

"*JESU, GENTLEST SAVIOUR*"

Σῶτερ Ἰησοῦ,
Κύριε πάντων,
Αὐτὸς ἐνοικεῖς
Ἁγίοις ἡμῖν.

Οὔ Σε δέχεσθαι
Κόσμος ἐπίσταται,
Οὔ Σε καθέξει
Οὐρανὸς εὐρύς.

Τῆλ' ἐπέκεινα
Ἀστερῶν αὐγῆς
Μακρ' ἔτι τείνεις
Ἀιὲν ἀτέρμων

Κόσμος οὐ χωρεῖ,
Χωρεῖ Σε κάρδια,
Καρδίᾳ παίδων
Πρᾶος ἐνοικεῖς.

Ἵλεως σήμερον
Λίσσομαι Κύριε
Μεῖνον ἐν ἡμῖν,
Νοῦν ἀναπληρῶν.

Πρόσθες, Ἰησοῦ,
Αἰδῶ καὶ ἀγάπην,
Τήν τε μεγίστην
Χάριν, τὸ καρτερεῖν,

Εὕδε, φίλη, φύχρᾳ λίαν ἥσυχον ὕπνον ἐν εὐνῇ·
Ὡς ῥόδον ἐν κήποις ἤνθεες ἠδ' ἔθανες.
Εἴθ' εἴη μακάρων ἀμιάντοις ὕπνον ἑλέσθαι
Ἡμῖν τ' ἐς βιότην λώονα σωζομένοις.
Εὕδε Θεὸς γάρ σοι στόρεσεν λέχος αὐτὸς ἔκηλον·
Μέχρις ἕως ἔλθῃ, πάννυχα χαῖρε, φίλη.

DIES NATALIS DOMINE

Hodie in stabulo
Nobis Puer natus
Nobis unigenitus
Filius est datus.

Natus est Quem celebrant
Angelorum chori,—
Salus et Remedium
Omni peccatori.

At priusquam cælitus
Chorus audiatur,
Mirum hoc pastoribus
Signum nuntiatur:—

"Regi parvo stabulum
Fit regalis sedes;
Vinclis, ecce! linteis
Circumdantur pedes."

Mire vinclis cingitur
Vincula Qui demit:
Servi formam accipit
Servos Qui redemit.

Nos cingamur igitur
Vinculis amoris.
Serviamus mutuo
Læti cunctis horis.

BETHLEHEM : DOMUS PANIS

Suscepturus hominem,
  Sempiterne Deus,
Eligisti Bethlehem,
  O Redemptor Meus.

"Domus Panis" Bethlehem
  Rite nuncupatur,
Unde peccatoribus
  Panis verus datur.

Ergo læti Puerum
  Natum adamemus
Panem Dei hodie
  Datum adoremus.

Quod venisti Parvulus,
  Sis nobis Exemplum;
Quod Tu Panis, Domine,
  Fac nos Tui Templum.

"LIGHT AT EVENTIDE"

(*Hymns A. and M.* 22)

Pater Sancte, sit paternus
  Amor nobis sol æternus,
Sol dum cadit hodiernus—
  Lux in tenebris.

Jesu Sancte, Tu timoris
  Sis Levamen, Tu doloris,
Declinantibus in horis
  Lux in tenebris.

Sancte Spiritus, adesto
Illo tempore funesto,
Et Tu morituris esto
Lux in tenebris.

Sancta Trinitas beata,
Cui nox ipsa nou umbrata.
Tuis sit, ut semper, data
Lux in tenebris.

ICKLESHAM, *August* 14, 1887.

HYMN FOR ASCENSION DAY

Salutis humanæ Sator,
Jesu, voluptas cordium;
Orbis redempti conditor
Et casta Lux amantium.

Qua victus es dementia
Ut nostra ferres crimina,
Mortem subires innocens,
A morti nos ut tolleres?

Perrumpis infernum chaos,
Vinctis catenas detrahis,
Victor triumpho nobili
Ad dexteram Patris sedes.

Te cogat indulgentia
Ut damna nostra sarcias
Tuique vultus compotes
Dites beato lumine.

Tu Dux ad astra et Semita,
Sis Meta nostris cordibus
Sis lacrymarum Gaudium,
Sis dulce vitæ Præmium.

"CHRIST WHOSE GLORY FILLS THE SKIES"

Jesu, namque Tuo pleni sunt numine cœli,
  Jesu, homini verum perpetuumque jubar;
Sol velut excoriens nocturnas dissipat umbras
  Sic tenebras animi pelle, benigne, mei:
Mentibus O nostris ne defice, luminis Auctor,
  Stella velut reducem provocat orta diem.

Scilicet ingratum rediit mortalibus ægris
  Mane novum, mentes Tu nisi dulcis adis;
Tædiaque incepti vexabunt longa diei
  Lumine ni renovas intima corda Tuo.
Ergo O si qua meis infixa est cura medullis
  Pellitor, et dubiis redde, benigne, diem.

Omnia—nam Tua sunt—mortalia pectora, Jesu,
  Respice, quos ultrix criminis umbra premit:
Divino satiata Tuo sint lumine corda
  Nostra, nec incerto sollicitata metu:
Clarior ac proprior sis Te cupientibus ortus,
  Ætherius donec sit sine nube dies.

PSALM XXIII

Pastor meus
Adest Deus
  Ergo nihil egeo;
Si dat mentem
Confidentem,
  Nihil mali timeo.

Tuas oves,
Deus, foves
  Pratis in virentibus;
Juxta riva
Fontem vivi
  Cibum das petentibus.

Tu labentem
Tollis mentem;
  Nequeunt si rectius
Ire pedes,
Tu precedes
  Monstrans iter tutius.

Umbra leti,
Per te spreti,
  Non me terret amplius;
Quem Tu ducis,
Virtus crucis
  Sustinet ut baculus.

Tu nocentem
Contra gentem
  Nobis cænam præparas.
Nec Tu fessis
Et oppressis
  Sacra pocla denegas.

Immo bonus
Et tu pronus
  Semper es sequentibus,
Qui mortales
Commensales
  Facis cum cælestibus.

PSALM XLIII

Insolentem contra gentem
  Adjuva me, Domine:
A doloso criminoso
  Sis Tutamen homine.

Me sic fessum, sic oppressum
  Qui levabas viribus,
Cur nunc spernis, et infernis
  Tradis potestatibus?

Da Tu verum, da sincerum
  Lumen Te petentibus,
Ut Te duce fruar luce
  In terris cœlestibus.

Aram Dei lætus mei
  Grato corde repetam,
Et amoris cunctis horis
  Illi carmen offeram.

Cur gravatus, sic amatus,
  Ita mæret animus?
Cur dejectus intra pectus,
  Quem dilexit Dominus?

Confidentis Deo mentis
  Spes secura proficit,
Qui me duxit, et illuxit,
  Et salute reficit.

Tu contra mores nobis Adjutor iniquos,
  Dans veniam pravis, dulce Levamen, ades;
Efficias etiam magis ut sit conscia recti
  Mens, fiat similis, purior usque, Tui.

Nec tantum ignoscas; accedant gaudia, necnon
  Sobria libertas, dulcior usque tenor;
Efficias ut mens sincero flagret amore,
  Se tantum cupiens assimulare Tibi.

Ipse laborasti; nequeunt vexare labores;
  Nosti etiam curas, sic neque cura gravat.
Omnibus in rebus fac nos aliena tueri,
  Nec nisi per rectas tutius ire vias.

Te pro dilectis, pro pauperibusque rogamus,
  Mæstisque, et pravis quos sua culpa premit,
O levet oppressas, Jesu, indulgentia mentes;
  Nam Te quisquis habet, cætera lætus habet.

SENT ON A POSTCARD TO I—— S——

Ex quam tu misisti charta
Gaudia sunt mihi parta,
  Namque lætus audio,
Tibi quod jam data quies,
Melior et orta dies
  Tuo sacerdotio.

Si, ut olim, fit tempestas,
Nota sit Dei potestas,
  Visa Dei visio.
Increpantis:—"Cur timetis?
Nonne Dominum videtis
  Præsto in navigio?"

IN DIE NATIVITATIS DOMINI

Deus in principio
  Puer propter mundum,
Latens in præsepio,
  Munda me immundum.

Mortali sub specie,
  Deus sæculorum,
Lates in cunabulis,
  Deus parvulorum.

Majus en miraculum !
  Tu (non inter tantum)
Tuis habitaculum
  Facis—Donum quantum !

Namque mitis hodie,
  In terrenis fanis
Latitas sub specie,
  Deus alme, panis.

LIGHTER VERSES

Translations

OVID'S REBUKE TO AURORA FOR RISING TOO SOON

From Tithonus, o'er the ocean,
  Fair-haired harbinger of morn,
In her frost bespangled chariot
  Comes the goddess of the dawn.

"Whither hastening, Aurora?
  Stay and watch the feathered strife,—
Yearly offered to thy Memnon,—
  See his birds yield up their life.

"Whither hastening? unwelcome
  To the youth as to the maid;
Let thy dewy reins, O Goddess,
  By thy rosy hands be stayed.

"Ere thy rising the bold sailor
  Fearless trusts the kindly star,
Nor uncertain in mid ocean
  Wanders from his course afar.

"And at thy approach the traveller
  Rises weary with short rest,
And the armed warrior waking
  Straps his breastplate to his breast.

" Early look'st thou on the labourer
Starting, laden with his hoe;
Early call'st the slow-paced oxen
'Neath the spreading yoke to go.

" Cruelly from sleep thou rousest
Many a schoolboy o'er the land,
That beneath the rod may tingle
Many a tender little hand.

" All unwelcome is thy presence
To the student of the law,
And the barrister, awaking
Each afresh to wordy war.

" When 'twere meet that weary spinners
For a respite brief should ask,
Thou recall'st the tired fingers
To resume their daily task.

" Often have I prayed that darkness
Might refuse to give thee place,
Nor the stars in terror hiding
Shun the brightness of thy face.

" Often have I prayed a tempest
Might destroy thy airy car,
Or thy steeds might fall, upholden
On the rolling clouds afar.

" Whither hastening, unpitying?
Swarthy features had thy son
Dark must be thy heart, Aurora,
Such a cruel race to run."

Thus I ended my complaining,
But my words were thrown away,
Though the goddess heard me, blushing,
None the slower rose the day.

"*DANAE*"

(Translated from Simonides)

Upon the swelling surface of the tide
Cradled in carvèd oaken chest they lay,
Mother and babe; and sweeping o'er them sighed
The pitying wind, to see her pale dismay
As Danae closer clasped with sheltering arm
Her Perseus, shedding o'er him many a tear:—
"Alas! sweet babe! unconscious of alarm
How shouldst thou know the reason of my fear?
At my warm breast, enough for thee to know that I am near.

"Full cheerless this thy brass bound dwelling bare;
Dark is the night and shelterless the day:
What though the leaping waves bedew thine hair—
Thy fair soft locks—thou laughest at the spray.
Nor may the many voices of the wind
Fill thee with aught of terror or dismay.
King-like within this purple robe enshrined
Calmly thou liest, king without a care,
Smiling, my babe, my own, my Sweetest! face most fair!

"Sad were it, sweetest babe, too sad for thee,
If aught of sorrow smote thee from my tone
Let every grief go sleep: go sleep, thou sea;
Thee too I bid go sleep my babe, my own.
But may some sweet and swift relief appear,
Some pitying change of purpose, Lord, in Thee,
Father of all, who seest all our fear
From Thy high throne: he is Thy child! my plea,
Thy fatherhood, Thou'lt own: Oh Father, hear and see."

Seaford, *April* 20, 1893.

WORDSWORTH

I travelled among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England, did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time, for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;
And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy played,
And thine is too the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

TRANSLATION

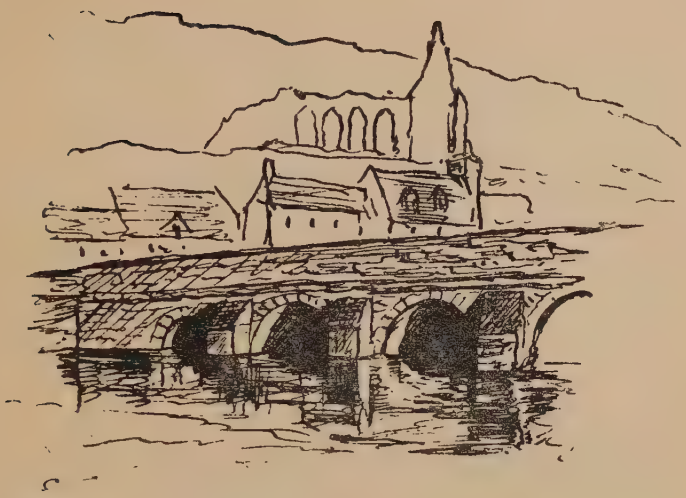
Inter ignotos homines viator
Ad novas ivi, pelago relicto,
Impiger terras; mihi, ut ante nunquam,
Dulcis amaris.

Terra natalis! Satis est vagandi;
Nec tuas oras iterum relinquem;
Namque tu, tellus, magis usque cordi et
Cara videris.

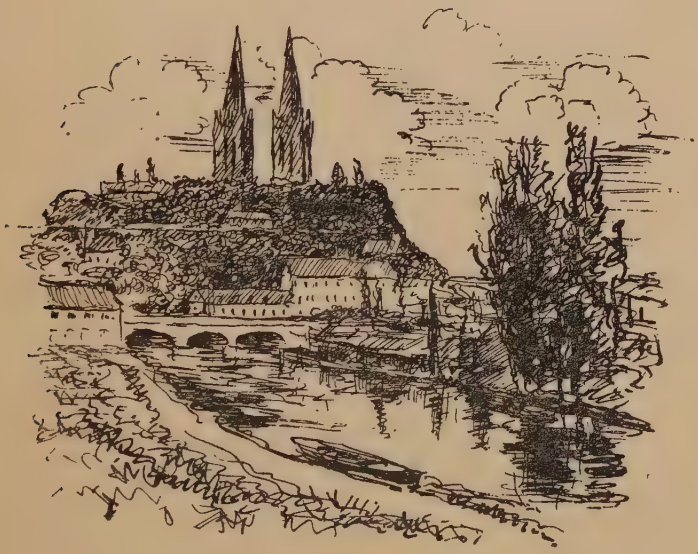
Ista per montis juga, quod petivit,
Repperit lætans mea mens: et illic,
Carpsit ut pensam, caluit paterno
Igne puella.

Mane monstrabas, tenebris premebas
Luciæ nostræ solitas latebras;
Et tuos agros moriens virentes
Lucia vidit.

CHICHESTER, *December* 23, 1871.



THE RUIN ABOVE BEAUMONT LE ROGER (AUGUST 17, 1902).



ST. LO (JUNE 12, 1903).

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE'S "STREAMLET"

Dic mihi, cur properans ita parvule defluis amnis,
Cui, velut argenti, spumeus albet honos?
Nam sine fine tibi prono dum volvitur unda,
Hæc meditor mecum:—"Quo ruis? unde venis?"

"Intimus eveni tenebroso e pectore saxi;
Muscus amat ripas non sine flore meas;
Et velut in speculo, placida quum deferor unda,
Cæruleis æther ridet amicus aquis.

"Mens secura, velut puero, mihi gaudet eunti,
Nescia qualis erit terra petenda mihi:—
Cur dubitem?—Qui me discedere jussit ab umbris,
Ille, ubicumque ferar, Dux mihi certus erit."

English Version

Ceaselessly onward with silvery gleam
Flowest thou ever, O little stream:
Gazing upon thee I wonder and think
"Whither and whence?" as I stand on thy brink.

"From deep in the dark rock's bosom I come;
Through moss and by many a flower I roam;
Upon my mirror trembles the while
The broad blue heaven's friendly smile.

"So the joyous heart of a child have I;
I speed me, though knowing not whither or why;
He who called me forth from the rock, I trow,
Will be my guide, wheresoever I go."

February 4, 1880.

HORACE ODE I., IV.

Sharp winter's snow has passed away;
With boats new-launched the sea is gay;
  Soft winds new life inspire:
No more the fields with frost are white,
Nor herds in sheltered stall delight,
  Nor herdsman in his fire.

The Goddess of Cythera's isle
Now leads the moonlit choirs, erstwhile
  That sighed for joyous spring,—
Of dancing nymphs and graces fair,
While Vulcan's ruddy forges glare
  And Cyclops' hammers swing.

Now is the fittest time, I ween,
With field flowers bright or myrtle green
  To wreathe the festal brow;
Now is the time in shady groves
With sacrifice that Faunus loves
  To pay the promised vow.

Pale death impartially doth come;
He knocketh at the poor man's home,
  The palace of the king.
O favoured Sextius! life's short space
Within the reach of life's embrace
  Our soaring hopes must bring.

Soon, soon, that night will lay thee low;
Thou, too, the shadowy realm must know;
  When thou hast entered there,
No more thou'lt quaff the sparkling wine
Nor feast those love-sick eyes of thine
  On Lycidas the fair.

January 18, 1881.

END OF TERM

Carmen lætum promite
  Hodie, Sodales;
Congregati canite
  Dies geniales;
Jam paulisper Cicero
  Jaceat neglectus;
Juniores pueros
  Ne vexet Delectus.

Valeant Ovidii
  Versus lacrimosi;
Euclidæ problemata
  Linquant studiosi;
Somnum pius Æneas
  Dormiat piorum:—
Nunc magistros etiam
  Tædet Trojanorum.

" Sine ludo studium
  Stultum facit Jaccum;"
Tantum fit obtusior
  Semper legens Flaccum.
Procul sit memoria
  Omnium malorum,
Cupidi dum petimus
  Oscula nostrorum.

Cito quum decurrerint
  Dies, heu ! jucundi,
Niger et adfuerit
  Dies redeundi;
Minus tum discipulos
  Studii tædebit,
Domus si memoria
  Dulcis permanebit.

TO LANGDON DOWN

(One of his Pupils at St. Leonards School)

Various boys have various tastes.
Langdoni, proavis edite Dounibus
O et discipule et dulce decus meum;

Butterfly hunting.
Sunt quos vere novo parva animalia
Collegisse juvat, quos male fugerit
Quærens papilio dulcia pabula,

" Meadow brown."
Seu furvus volitat per loca florea,

" Painted lady."
Seu pictus fuerit mille coloribus.
Impetrata et erit meta cupidinis

Athletics.
Huic, si mobilium turba sodalium
Certat tergeminis tollere plausibus,
Quod nunc ante pares exsilit altius,

Gymnasium.
Nunc in gymnasio fortior evenit,

Swimming bath.
Nunc quod desiliens findere brachiis
Gaudet prævalidis æquora balnei:
Illi, si propria condidit arcula

Addison's grub shop.
Quascunque Addisonus vendibiles parat
Victus delicias, pauperibus decem
Quantæ sufficerent esurientibus.

The " beastly Swot."
Gaudentem ingenuas discere literas
Nunquam dimoveant verba minacia,

The boy who is only good at games.
Ut se par paribus misceat impiger
In ludis juvenum. Virgilii immemor,
Flaccumque indocilis difficilem pati,
Hic certamina amat sub Jove, gestiens
Vitam perpetuis degere lusibus.

The boy who does nothing but read sensational novels.
Est quem nec veterum scripta Quiritium
Nec cælata agilis præmia corporis
Inducunt residem ponere inertiam,
Cui tantum placuit fabula barbaras
Strages commemorans fictaque crimina

Moral :—
You will keep clear of all youthful folly.

Prostrato viridi lecta sub arbore:
Sed te, parve puer, Fata benignius
Secernant pueris vana petentibus:
Jam tu carpe diem; viribus utere;
Jam tu—namque licet—corripe gaudia;
"Si recte facies, rex eris," O puer,
Sublimi et feries sidera vertice.

Parody on Horace's Odes, Lib. I., Ode I.

WINDERMERE SIGHTS

(After R. B.)

Up the calm whole of it
  Pleasure-boat flying:
See you the soul of it?
  Islands outlying;
Lake sleeps, all smoothness
  Free from defilement;
Vanished uncouthness
  One reconcilement.

All well appointed:—
  Sister with brother,
Friends, long disjointed
  These from the other.
Crowds on the landing
  Seek with sad faces,
Solemnly standing,
  Pleasure-boat places.

Which things must—*why* be?
  Vain the endeavour?
Gladness half sigh be?
  So it was ever.
Such things must so be,
  Mixed our existence;
Laughter half sob be.
  Prithee! desistence!

Life—where's the plum of it ?
(Mark you, Jack Horner !)
Here is the sum of it:—
Keep each his corner;
Put more love, work, in it—
Here's your life lying.
Honey will lurk in it
Then, when you're dying.

August, 1890.

A CLERICAL HAT

(This day, Thursday, August 15, 1889, H. B. D. and I purchased at St. Brique for the modest sum of 3 francs 60 each, two clerical-looking hats of the pattern universally worn by the Breton peasants, and this interesting event inspired the following touching lines.)

The hats that Breton peasants wear
To H. B. D. appeared so fair,
He longed their artless joy to share.

While visiting an ancient town,
He saw these hats and scorned his own
(His hat *had* somewhat ancient grown).

Quite broad and clerical their brim:—
Their whole contour suggests the "dim
Religious light," the psalm and hymn.

"What better hat than this could be ?
So clerical ! so cheap ! you see,
For seven and six you might get *three*."

"Bright thought to make poor parsons fat !
Buy it wholesale this Breton hat,
And thus cut out the trade of Pratt

"And *Co.*, his hats are seven and six.
But by the waters of the Styx
This game will put him in a fix!"

He stacked his glebe (3 roods, 1 perch)
With hats—"the endowment of research"—
The proceeds have restored his Church.

MORAL

The times are bad; but still no matter!
Who saves in hats may yet grow fatter—
Make H. B. D. henceforth your hatter.

A POSTCARD TO J. H. L.

Nonne pudet, pudibunde,
For not coming here for Sunday?
Don't you fail to come on Monday
By the earliest train you can.

Gaudens tecum ambulabo,
Tecum littora lustrabo,
Tibi mensam præparabo—
Yet not I but faithful Ann.

Sic, Henrice, tuo ore
Persanato, spero fore
Liberatum te dolore,
And return a better man.

September 23, 1881.

TO ANNETTE

Although her shoes are wondrous neat
They sadly pinch and hurt her feet.
But this was scarcely odd you know,
Because they had been mended so.
This does not make it clear to you ?
Well then: she'd stuck the soles with *glue*,
With penny glue she'd fastened tight
The soles to uppers left and right.
What made her do so strange a thing ?
Why patch old shoes with glue and string ?
I'll tell you if you list to me.
The reason is not far to see,
She'd studied hard as hard could be
Political Economy.
There she had learned by day and night
That truth is false, that left is right,
That right is left, that black is white,
That moons by day and suns by night
Dispense to mortal men their light,
That nothing brings such pure delight
Nor lifts the soul to such a height
As—here's the point at last—THE SIGHT
OF SOME GOOD DEED ONESELF HAS WROUGHT
ON HEEL (OR SOUL) BY HAND (OR THOUGHT).

FÊTES DES VIGNERONS

I.—CHANT DU SEMEUR

(*Translated from an old Country song in patois*)

When the snow has passed away,
To my plough at break of day
Harnessing my bullocks strong,
Through my fields I pass along,

Bending o'er the shining share
That from out the furrow bare
Golden grain
May fill the plain.

Refrain

We sow the seed
With liberal hand:—
Good is the land:
Wending our way
In hope to-day:
To-morrow our meed.

Over all the furrowed land
As I sow, my open hand
Seems as though upraised to bless
Autumn's far-off fruitfulness.
Even o'er our head to-day
Seemeth to keep holiday
Fair and true
Heaven's blue.

We sow the seed, etc.

Sowing without stint or stay
Seed throughout the livelong day,
Seed of hope, though seeming dead,
Soon to rise from darksome bed.
Late at eve I singing turn
Where the welcome hearth fires burn.
Even they who farthest roam
Weary, seek at last their home.

We sow the seed, etc.

II.—"Hymne au Travail"

Toil that dost fertilise—work of the land
Meet are thy gifts for the theme of our song;
All men through thee are united and stand
Brethren rejoicing and hopeful and strong.

Toil that dost bless, making hardy and hale
Limbs that were feeble and cheeks that were pale;
Toil that transformest the slopes of the lake—
Clothed with fair vineyards—strong toil that dost make
Flowery gardens of Paradise smile,
Where our loved forefathers slumber awhile.

Hail mighty labour uniting in one;
Toil that art hallowed—that makest men blest,
Bidding us love as a mother her son
Plains 'neath the mountains' blue summits that rest.

Toil that dost fertilise—work of the land,
Pour forth the joy of thy blessing benign.
So shall thy subjects, a brotherly band,
Find in thy stern rule a peace all divine.

Two songs sung in procession at the "Fête des Vignerons" performed at Vevey, August 7, 1905.

Arlescote, Banbury

~~Ickleham Vicarage,~~

Sept. 14th. ~~Rye, Sussex.~~

1898.

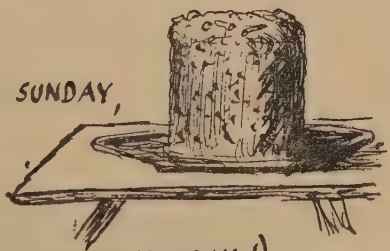
MY OWN DEAR BOY;
I HOPE WITH JOY
YOU WILL RECEIVE THIS LETTER
WHICH WALTER'S GEE
HAS BROUGHT FROM ME:
I HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER,

AND DOCTOR JACK
NEED NOT COME BACK
WITH MEDICINE FOR "P. CHURTON",
BUT THAT YOU MAY
GO OUT AND PLAY,
AND GET SOME GARDEN DIRT ON

ON GETTING THIS
PLEASE BLOW A KISS
FROM DADDY TO DEAR MOTHER,
AND YOU MAY GO
FAR OFF AND BLOW
TO DOROTHY ANOTHER

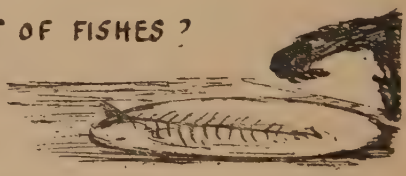
AND HOW IS JOHN?
DOES HE TOIL ON
MORE GLADLY THIS COOL WEATHER?
ARE LITTLE JACK
AND HE STILL BLACK
FROM HANDLING COAL TOGETHER?

LET LOUIE MAKE
A NICE BIG CAKE
FOR YOU AND ME, FOR SUNDAY,
AND DOROTHY
AND MOTHER! (WE
SHALL NOT LEAVE MUCH FOR MONDAY!)



HAVE "BUZZERS" COME
WITH FUSSY HUM,
YELLOW AND BLACK, ROUND PERCY?
OR COME AT NIGHT
SMALL GNATS TO BITE?
IF NOT, IT IS A MERCY.

IS PUSSY WELL?
HOW CAN SHE TELL
FAR OFF THE SCENT OF FISHES?
SHE LOVES TO PAW
WITH GREEDY CLAW
AT DINNER PLATES AND DISHES



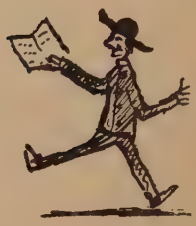
I'VE HEARD HER USE
MUCH SHRILL ABUSE
FOR HER GOOD LITTLE KITTY.
I'VE SEEN HER SMACK
HER LITTLE BACK!
SUCH CONDUCT'S QUITE A PITY.

YET PUSS MAY TEACH
YOU, CHILDREN, EACH
HOW NOT TO SERVE THE OTHER:
YOU MUST NOT SMACK
YOUR SISTER'S BACK
NOR MAY SHE HIT HER BROTHER.

A GENTLE KISS
IS NOT AMISS
TO SEAL THE HEART'S AFFECTION;
YET KISS HER NOT
UNTIL YOU'VE GOT
QUITE FREE FROM ALL INFECTION.

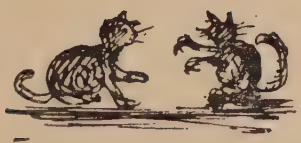
Ickleshам Vicarage,
Rye, Sussex.
Nov. 21st 1898.

DEAREST PERCY;
'TIS A MERCY
MOTHER'S GETTING BETTER:
YOUR OWN DADDY,
O HOW GLAD HE
WAS TO GET YOUR LETTER!



SWEETIE SISTER
(HAVE YOU MISSED HER?)
LIKED YOUR YELLOW PUFFER:
SHE GROWS FATTER,—
FED ON BATTER
PUDDING,— NURSE DOES STUFF HER!

PUSS AND KITTY—
'TIS SO PRETTY—
OFTEN PLAY TOGETHER,—
NOW RUN RACES,
NOW WASH FACES,—
SIGN OF RAINY WEATHER.

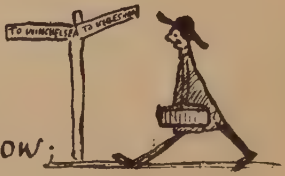


THEN PUSS THOUGHT HER
CHEEKY DAUGHTER
OUGHT TO GROW NO BOLDER,
SO SHE TAUGHT HER,
AND SHE CAUGHT HER
ONE UPON HER SHOULDER

KITTY, SOBER,
(LIKE OCTOBER
LEAVES HAD SHE BEEN PLAYING,)
SAT REGARDING,
"AX YOUR PARDING,
MOTHER," CLEARLY SAYING.

HOW YOUR DADDY
LONGS HIS LADDY
DEAR TO GET A SIGHT ON!

AND DEAR MOTHER,
AND THE OTHER
TWO WITH YOU AT BRIGHTON!



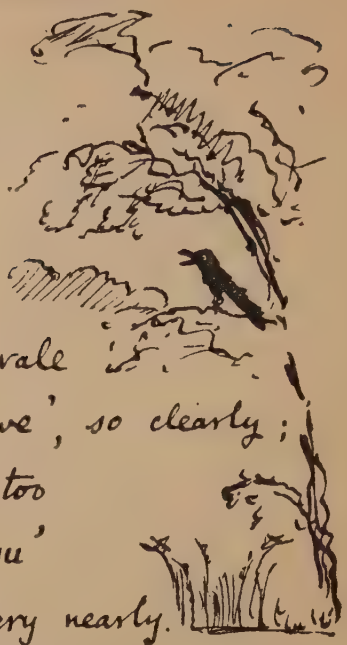
BUT FOR SYKIE
HE LIKE CRIKEY
WOULD BE OFF TOMORROW;
BUT HIS UPHILL-
-TOILING PUPIL
KEEPS HIM TO HIS SORROW.

SO YOUR DADDY
SENDS HIS LADDY,
AND TO HER WHO IS HIS
HALF THE BETTER,
IN THIS LETTER,
LOTS AND LOTS OF KISSES.

Hotel du Grand Cerf
Fécamp
June 5th 1901

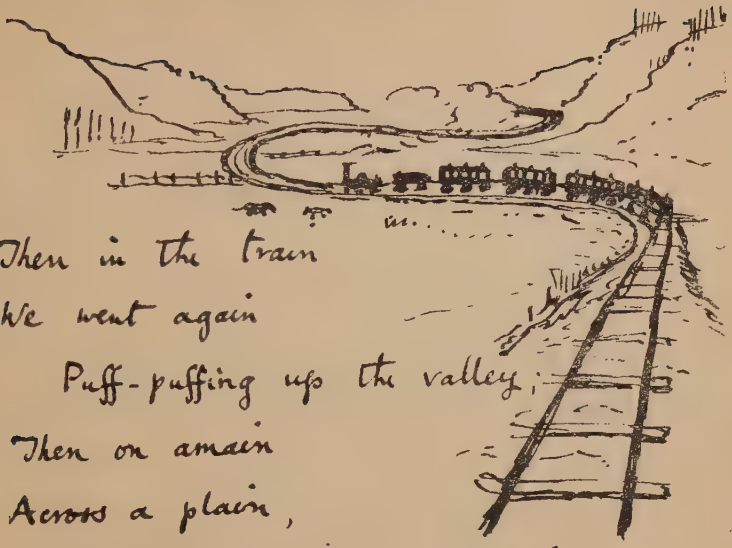
Dear Dorothy,
At last you see
My loving little letter
The cough that you
And Percy too
Both had, I hope as better

Last night we stayed
In a sweet glade,
In sweetest summer weather.
The moon shone bright
On daisies white
And meadow grass together.



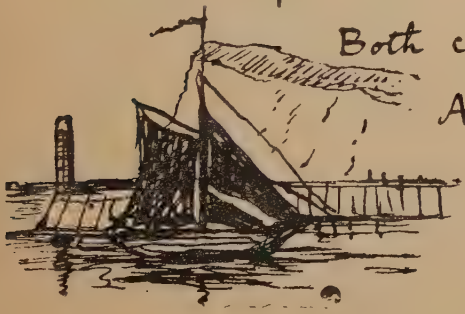
The nightingale
Sang through the vale
Her 'we, we, we', so clearly;
~~The~~ Grasshoppers too
Sang 'su, su, su'
As loud, or very nearly.

And mid the green
Of trees was seen
The church's little spire:
We went inside,
And there espied
Round seats where sat the choir



Then in the train
We went again
Puff-puffing up the valley;
Then on amain
Across a plain,
Then down, past farm & châlet

An Abbey vast
Built ages past
Here towers above
the houses:
And ships below
Both come & go,
And sailors lounge
in blouses



The waning light ~~is gone~~
Is gone: 'tis night:
So now goodbye, my dearest.
I soon shall see
You, and the three
Who to my heart are nearest.

Tell mother dear
I hope to hear
Tomorrow, - when you've kissed her.
A kiss from Dad
To my dear lad,
And ten to baby sister.

Hôtel de la Place
Veules, Normandy.
June 7th 1901.

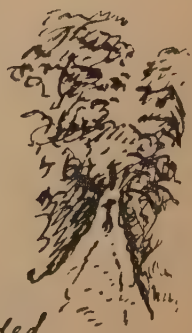
My darling Boy
Your Dad with joy
Received your little letter,
And Mother's too:-
She says that you
And Dorothy are better.

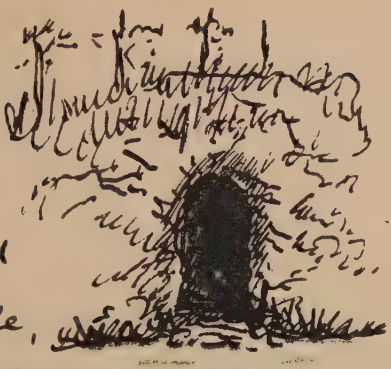
You'd like to be
Some day with me
And mother in this Valley;

The Cliffs are high;
The sea's close by,
And shops where children dally

And in the street
Grow roses sweet;
And there's a little river.
And on the shore
The big waves roar;
The strong wind made us shiver.

Then out again
Up a steep lane
By waving branches
shaded:
The sweet white may
Still held her sway
Not yet by warm sun faded.



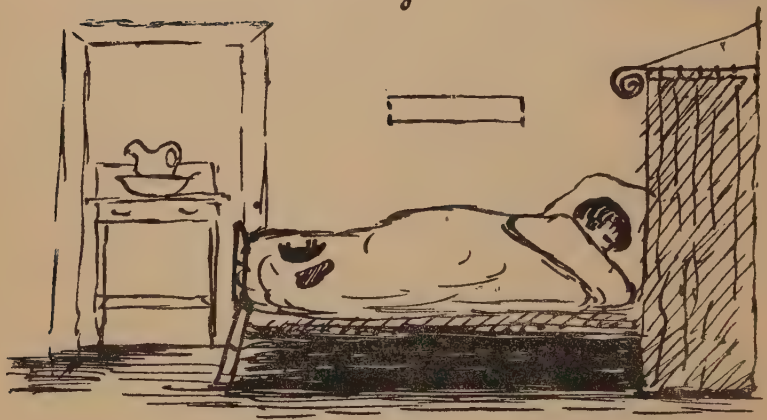


A cave we spied
By the road side,
And in we walked all peeping;
We found some hay,
Where, I dare say,
Tonight poor men are sleeping

Then from afar
We saw a star:
It was the lighthouse flashing

The pink clouds dye
The evening sky;
Below are white waves splashing.

And now to bed.
Your sleepy head,
Dear boy, is on its pillow.
I long to see
You and my three!
Tuesday I cross the billow.



(Mr. Bear + Tallers.) (Percy.)

"THE MEANS OF GRACE"

Paper read at a Conference of the Chichester Diocesan Teaching Guild, June 8, 1912, by the Ven. T. T. Churton, Archdeacon of Lewes.

MANY years ago when Bishop Patteson was sitting one morning in his study in Norfolk Island, a native catechist who had come unexpectedly from a distant island threw himself at the Bishop's feet, saying, "I want to be filled up; I want to be filled up."

He had realised, as I hope and believe we have realised —we who have been called to teach—how impossible it is to go on giving forth, pouring out, day after day, without replenishing our energies at the one source of Light and Love and refreshment.

Even intellectually we need replenishing, not trusting to our old knowledge and our old notebooks: how much more, spiritually, is it fatal to be running dry. Therefore, "All my fresh springs shall be in Thee." "So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, and Thy refreshing grace." "Grace"; yes; but what *is* it? The word meets us so familiarly in the Bible; the word falls so lightly from our tongues, in our hymns and prayers; but what exactly do we mean by grace? Or, rather, what are the primary ideas which underlie this word "grace," which runs through the New Testament like a golden thread? It meets us in the opening verses of St. John's Gospel: "Grace and Truth came by Jesus Christ"; it closes the last chapter of his Revelation: "The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all"; it stands first in St. Paul's greeting which is half prayer, half benediction, at

the opening of each of his letters to St. Timothy, his "own son in the faith," sent forth, young as he was, to be the chief Church teacher in the heathen city of Ephesus: "Grace, mercy and peace," as though implying that grace is the teacher's foremost need.

So we examine more closely this familiar word in the Greek Testament, and we find that

(i.) It is connected with the word that signifies joy: grace and joy are akin; and the means of grace are first and foremost means of joy. As teachers, let us never forget that God meant us to contribute, by our own joyousness of spirit, to that joyousness which is the birthright of little children. The prelude to the "Gloria in excelsis" was the Christmas message of "great joy *to all people*," not to a favoured few; and as *that* joy was inseparable from the presence of our Lord, so He Himself promised to those who were under the cloud of the anticipation of the loss of that Presence, that He would see them again, and their hearts would rejoice and their joy no man could take from them. Think, then, first, of the means of grace as the means of joy, and pray for joyousness. As we look back upon our own childhood, was it not the joyous souls that helped us most?

(ii.) Next, and foremost of the meanings of the word "Grace" in the New Testament, is the thought of what is attractive and lovable. As we speak of a graceful act, a graceful movement, a graceful child, and mean by the phrase that to that graceful act or person we are irresistibly drawn by the attraction of that which is worthy of our love, so "Grace" means that which is lovable, that to which we instinctively turn. Perhaps the word lovableness expresses it best. Think of this when we find the word "Grace" applied to our Blessed Lord. "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in lovableness." "The law was given by Moses; but real lovableness and real truth came by Jesus Christ." So that in the highest and widest sense, though the origin of the word grace connects it with joy, grace comes to mean just this one thing more than anything else—lovable-

ness. Think, then, of the means of grace as the means whereby we may attain that real lovableness, which (as St. John tells us) only comes through Jesus Christ. It is perhaps only few who have that indefinable grace of voice and manner, and that unfailing sympathy, which easily attracts and wins and holds the love and so the loyal obedience of children; but if we are conscious that we are lacking in this grace, we may take comfort in the thought that the means of grace *are* indeed means of grace, are, that is, actually the means whereby we obtain the graces that we do not possess by nature, and that however unloving and unlovable we may be by nature, grace gives us "that which by nature we cannot have," and the very word grace means lovableness, and is the gift of God. "I am the good Shepherd" means "I am the lovable Shepherd"—One whom all must needs love; and if He has called us, as He has, to "Feed His lambs," He will give us something of this crowning grace, for to be entirely destitute of it is to fail utterly.

Bishop King, in his talks to us at Oxford years ago, used to say, "you must attach and detach." He meant that we cannot expect to influence or help either children or their elders unless in some measure we can attach them to ourselves; they must love us, and for that we must be worthy of their love. But having won their love we must detach them from the *human* teacher and attach them to the Divine Teacher. "Attach and detach."

(iii.) And this is possible for us all, for if grace means joy, and grace means the lovableness which attracts and holds and helps, grace also, as we know, means "God's help," freely given and thankfully received. Thankfully received: for we sometimes forget that this same word "Grace" sometimes comes to mean "thanks."

Well then, putting it all together, we see that we may define grace as "God's help, freely given, and thankfully received, to make us lovable and joyous."

And if we remember that grace is all this, then two results will follow: first, we shall use those helps which we usually

call the means of grace, our prayers, our Communions, our Bible reading, as really means to this end; and then, having a definite idea as to what grace really is, we shall find more help in the means of grace because we shall use those means more definitely, more hopefully, more purposefully. And next, we shall find that in a wider sense God has surrounded us with many more sources and more varied means of grace than we at first suspected. The sunshine and the flowers, the "world as God has made it," where "all is beauty"; the faces of little children, and their trustful love of us and belief in us; these in a secondary sense, may be truly means of grace.

But of what we generally mean by the "Means of Grace": we think first, of course, of *Prayer*. We often feel tired, perplexed, discouraged with ourselves and our work. Our very face and voice and manner betoken our inward lack of lovableness and joy. Prayer is the first remedy, the ever present means of grace. "As He prayed, the fashion of His countenance was changed." "Prayer," it has been well said, "is simple, but its very simplicity is its difficulty. A violin is a simple instrument: only four strings; an organ, so complex; but the violin is the hardest to play well. Our prayers should be only certain phases of a life lived all day long in God's Presence; as St. John, just because he was leaning on Jesus's breast, found it quite easy to turn to Him to ask Him something. Prayer is the instinct which turns to God and refers all to Him as our first Confidant and not our last resource." Not long, but earnest prayers, growing naturally out of the sense of God's abiding Presence. "If ye abide in Me, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

"*Means of Grace*": this suggests also Bible study and meditation. If a former generation unduly magnified Bible reading and minimised the Sacraments, we are perhaps in danger of a lack of balance through the opposite extreme. But remember that in the Holy Gospels we learn about Him whose life is emplanted in us at Holy Baptism, Him whom we come to meet and worship in our Communions. Medita-

tion, as busy people, you will be tempted to neglect. But if you want help, may I recommend a little book called "Brevissima," consisting of very short meditations on the Gospel according to St. John. We may think we know all about Abraham and St. Paul and the old Bible stories, when perhaps we know and have been teaching "all about Abraham except the way to his bosom, and all about St. Paul except the Faith which saved him." Perhaps for years we have been teaching only the surface truths of a Book which was meant to be a real means of grace—to make us not only lovable, but also joyous. "These things have I written unto you that your joy may be full."

And our Communions. Why should there not be at least once a year, in every parish, a Corporate Communion for all engaged in teaching? How wonderfully at the Altar, as nowhere else, our Lord adapts Himself to all our varying needs! We may feel at the time as though we had not quite obtained the help we needed; yet afterwards we discover that as of old with the manna, "he that gathered little had no lack."

We need four things:—

(i.) *More worthy preparation,* and a more definite intention.

(ii.) *Increased faith in the Real Presence of our Lord,* and so a deeper and more living devotion; not wholly separating the Sacramental Presence in our thought from the knowledge that He is everywhere present, and fills all things, yet there He focuses and centralises His Presence, that He may be to us the warmth of love and the light of joy. The sun is still in the heaven, filling all things with warmth and light; yet with a magnifying glass you can focus on one spot on earth that warmth and light, till the bit of dry dead stick begins to gleam and glow with dazzling brightness and bursts into flame. So He focuses His Presence for us, that dry dead hearts may burst into the light of joy and fire of love.

Then these other two will follow:—

(iii.) *More earnest thanksgiving,* and

(iv.) *More worthy living afterwards.*

For is not this at once the highest, holiest and the homeliest of the means of grace—grace, which is "God's help, freely given and thankfully received, to make us lovable and joyous."

"I need filling up," yes; and "*therefore* with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of Salvation."

LIMITATIONS

A Sermon preached to the "Society of Watchers and Workers" at St. Andrew's, Westminster, July 3, 1902.

"And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes."—ST. LUKE ii. 12.

THE thought of the Incarnation is the central thought of all Christianity. It is, therefore, a thought for every day, and not only for certain of our great Festivals. We know, by happy experience, that what has been said of the highest human love is true of the perfect Divine Love: it is for "the level of every day's most quiet needs." And so we feel that the Church has done right in putting into our lips day by day, as she repeats her constant memorial of the one true Sacrifice, the words "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." That Christmas hymn, we know, is for every day.

But what of the rest of the Angelic message? What of the "swaddling clothes"? That cannot be merely an insignificant detail, spoken as it was by the angel in the same breath with the message of the "good tidings of great joy to all people." "This shall be a *sign*." The swaddling clothes, speaking of bondage and limitation, were to be nevertheless the strange sign of the mighty deliverance which God was about to work for this lost world of His. And the announcement of this strange sign is immediately followed by the outburst of the first "Gloria in Excelsis." If, at the Creation, the sons of God shouted for joy, no wonder that at the new Creation, which God wrought by the Incarnation of Him who makes all things new, there was joy in Heaven, joy at the restoration of man's lost happiness, joy too—may we not

venture to say?—at this strange sign of it, "swaddling clothes."

For we see, I think at least in outline, what that sign must mean. It was a sign of limitation. He came from the first not to be free but bound; to take upon Him the form of a bond-servant, to submit to limitations for our sake. As the Blessed Virgin wrapped His Sacred Form hand and foot fast with the swaddling bands, was it not a prophecy of that most sorrowful and blessed day when those same Hands and Feet should be fast bound for our sake to the Cross? God's ways are not our ways; and we thankfully remember—we who have faced the great mystery of Pain—that the Incarnation has as a fact changed our point of view with regard to many perplexing things of life. Men naturally regard Wealth as one of the great objects of their existence; Christ came in poverty. There is a natural Pride which is considered manly and right; Christ came in great humility. It is very hard, after all these years of Christianity, even for us who desire to follow Him to root out that self-assertion which is opposed to that true self-effacement which He came to teach us. Above all, I think we might say, He came to teach us that the true law of Liberty is found in that which seems to be hedged about with countless thwarting limitations.

This is not only true of that fact of human suffering which is so constantly brought before us as members of this Society of Watchers and Workers, but more generally. And I think it is a comfort to us to realise that the lesson of the "swaddling clothes" is the lesson of all real and lasting civilisation. As the world grows more civilised, we grow not more free but less. The child at school is tied down by his time-table hour after hour; he is not free; he chafes against the restraint and says that, when he leaves school, he shall do as he pleases. But when he goes out into the world, he finds—strange but true—that he is not less tied but more so, not more free but less. And we find this true of all work, work of the hand or the brains, work in the shop, in the house, in the office, in the parish. As we learn more faithfully the business of life and its stern realities, do we not find it to be the working out of

that principle which our Blessed Lord gave us as one of His last messages when He said to St. Peter "Another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." It is the lesson of the swaddling clothes.

And when we are in some sense our own masters, with a home of our own, then we are not less tied, but more. And, indeed, the whole of the intricate machinery of our civilised life seems more and more to tend to this narrowing of our liberty. One detail has to be perfected by each individual in his own narrow and limited groove, and this for the good of the entire community.

And even if times of advancement and special promotion come—*e.g.*, in the Office, in the Army in the State, or in the Church, what does it mean? It means more responsibility, more labour, more anxiety; we are not more free but less, for our advancement. Yet we are sure, thank God, that we do not regret it. We see that God's way is right; indeed it is the only way, and we come to realise the Apostle's appreciation of "the good and acceptable and perfect Will of God."

For us to-day as "Watchers and Workers," as sympathisers or sufferers, this is of course doubly true. To you, too, "this shall be a sign . . . swaddling clothes." You who have had such experience in suffering, have you not thought that what is really the greatest trial, humanly speaking, is not so much the pain and the weakness which at first appeal more eloquently, but rather this, that ill-health brings *with* it its limitations and its thwartings; it hampers us; it hedges us round; it makes us less free, at least outwardly; it lays us on one side; we are bound and tied.

Perhaps I ought to speak one word of needed warning against that which is a growing difficulty to doctors and clergy in their dealings with the infirm. It seems certain that there is a strange and rapid growth of neurotic imaginings, of unconscious simulation of ill-health, or even of pain. And how hard it is, in dealing with such cases, to be quite fair and just; to be severe when we should be severe, and not to be severe when we ought to be sympathetic; to be sympathetic

when there is need of wholesome severity to break down the idol of self-pity.

But to-day, of course, we speak of real suffering, real sorrow, real pain; and of the limitations that real weakness involves. Suffering and weakness come very often just when the sufferers' gathered experience may have justified them in thinking that they were really useful, that God really required them for His work, that there were many years of happy, interesting activity before them. Then, ruthlessly (as it seems), and mysteriously, all is changed; they are laid on one side. But the thought for us to-day is that for us in our suffering the very limitations may be as was the Angel's message of the "swaddling clothes," the very prelude to the "Gloria in Excelsis," the porch leading to the inner shrine of "Peace on earth, good-will to men"; and that what at first seemed an intolerable bondage may be in reality a deliverance and release, to our own souls first, and then to others. A great and deeply beloved teacher has said, "We go into our afflictions in much the same state as did the Three Men into the Fiery Furnace; our afflictions do for us what the fire did for Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; it is to burn not us, but our fetters, and to set us free." And, thank God, there will be with us, as there was with them, in the furnace of affliction, One who is none other than the Son of God.

Surely—and especially in this hurrying age—we know that what matters most is not what we do but what we are. If suffering makes us better, we shall exert, please God, an influence for good, in countless ways, far more lastingly and effectually than we could have exercised by any amount of self-willed (and so, unblessed) activity. Some years ago there lived in a country parish a true priest of the Most High God, who after many years of patient toil was laid on one side. A poor uneducated woman of his parish—so uneducated that she could not even read, yet her soul had learnt some of the highest truths—said, "He has taught me a great deal when he was well, but oh! that is nothing to what he has taught me since he has been ill!" The very limitations which we lament may release new energies for good, new energies

invisible as the wind of which we shall know nothing, or comparatively nothing, till the last Great Day.

And then for us, too, who are "Workers." "This shall be a sign" to us—for we too who minister to the sick have to learn the lesson of the "swaddling clothes"; in ministering to others we feel that we are not free. We have known very dear but very exacting invalids who have imperceptibly encroached upon the little freedom we had left, and we chafed perhaps under the tightened bonds. We had many interests in life; now we have no time for art, for literature, for music. Our education seems wasted, we are "tied." And yet to us, too, it may be the very swaddling bands we need; and it dawns upon us at last that we are not quite so unselfish as we thought we were; and our very bands and growing limitations may, if we will, prove our deliverance from that far worse bondage of unsuspected selfishness. You remember Browning's words:—

> "Life is our one chance of learning Love,—
> How Love may be, hath been indeed, and is."

I think it is a true paradox that every sufferer in the world is a benefactor since he evokes our sympathy and love.

And lastly, remember, "the disciple is not above his Master, and everyone that is perfect shall be as his Master." The swaddling clothes were a sign not only of the limitations of His Divine Infancy, but of all the limitations involved in the Mystery of His Holy Incarnation. Think of those eighteen years while He worked unknown at Nazareth in the carpenter's shop. Again, think how when His Ministry began He was surrounded day by day with thwarting influences which were the result of human ignorance and self-will, of which the Apostle speaks as "the contradiction of sinners against Himself." Think of the binding in Gethsemane. Think of Him bound before Pilate, the eloquence of His silence, the self-restraint during the terrible scourging; and at last, the Cross; His Hands stretched forth not now in healing but in bitter suffering; and yet so bound as to be the bearer of universal healing and of untold blessing for all eternity. Thank God, it is not a visionary theory, but a solid historical

fact, that He who of all the sons of men has brought the deepest and most lasting blessing to the world, is He who was made a blessing to us by a Life marked most clearly with the signs of suffering, self-limitation, and self-restraint. "This shall be a sign unto you."

And in this Holy Service in which we are taking part, may we not say that He who is illimitable still in a true sense limits Himself that He may bless? He who submitted to the restraint of the "swaddling clothes" to be our Pattern—we say it reverently—here limits Himself to the outward forms of Bread and Wine to be our strength.

> "Not in rich furniture, or fine array,
> Nor in a wedge of gold,
> Thou, who for me wast sold,
> To me dost now Thyself convey;
> For so Thou shouldst without me still have been,
> Leaving within me sin.
> But by the way of nourishment and strength
> Thou creep'st into my breast."

Shall we not then take heart, and when we think of our poor little sacrifices as compared with His, joyfully—or at least willingly—"bind the Sacrifice with cords to the horns of the Altar"? Let us bind It with the cords of Love to the Altar of the Cross. The sacrament of suffering comes to us in the outward form of Limitation; but it may, if we will—and as God means that it should—convey to us an inward rest, a larger liberty, a true release.

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